Everyday Classics

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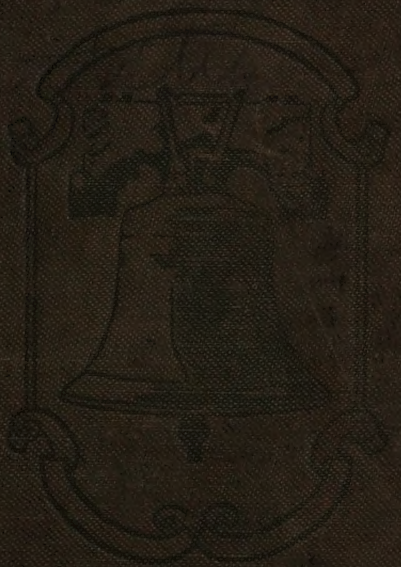

AMERICAN LIFE
AND IDEALS

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"The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul."

— James Russell Lowell.

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EVERYDAY CLASSICS

SEVENTH READER

American Life and Literature for Grammar Grades and Junior High Schools

BY

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN TEACHERS COLLEGE AND SUPERVISOR OF ENGLISH IN THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL

AND

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

New York

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PREFACE

THIS volume of the Everyday Classics is prepared with a two-fold purpose: (1) to introduce young people to a part of that common cultural material which is now a part of our inheritance, and (2) to put them into sympathy with some of the feelings and ideals which are in a special sense American. The importance of unifying our national life has not for more than a century seemed so urgent as in these last few years. The school, and particularly the literature read there, have long been recognized as among the most potent means of building such national unity.

It has been our purpose also so to choose and arrange the material of the book as to provide for that real study and reflection, — that growing consciousness of power — that should come from the courses in the highest elementary grades and the Junior High School. The administrative segregation of the Junior High School from the grades below it should be based on a course of study differentiated, — but not too sharply, — from the work of the preceding year. One way of doing this is to bring like elements in the work into groups constituting larger units.

Most of the selections in this volume will suggest to the alert teacher other books and articles on similar themes, particularly in the field of contemporary literature. A

number of such collateral readings are suggested in the MANUAL. Children are likely to read rapidly and freely in these years, if properly stimulated and guided. A class that reads easily and with pleasure should need little help beyond what is offered in the HELPS TO STUDY and the GLOSSARY. This "teaching apparatus" need not be followed too closely. The teacher may find that for a particular class this material should be expanded, or abridged, or varied. She may, indeed, with a class that does not read well, find it wise to vary from the order of the book, reading the selections in the order of their easiness rather than in their topical grouping. She may find time, also, for supplementing the reading by drawing from it topics for composition work.

The authors make grateful acknowledgment to the owners of copyrights for permission to use certain selections: To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for Lanier's "The Song of the Chattahoochee"; to the Harr Wagner Publishing Co. for Joaquin Miller's "Columbus"; to the Perry Mason Co. for Field's "How the Atlantic Cable Was Laid"; to Hamlin Garland and The Macmillan Company for "A Western Farm Scene" from "The Son of the Middle Border."

Special thanks are due Miss Katherine Morse, of the New York Training School for Teachers, for valuable help and advice.

F. T. B.,
A. H. T.

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IRVING

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

SEVENTH READER

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,

No skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,

Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
  Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
  The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
  Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
  I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
  Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,

Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden;
So toward the open main,

Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful.
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

Six hundred years before Columbus, the brave sailors of Norway and Iceland made discoveries and settlements in Greenland and on other parts of the coast of North America. A skeleton in metal armor, dug up near Fall River in 1835, and an old round stone tower near Newport, built like the stone-work of the early Normans, suggested the story of this poem to Longfellow. But neither the skeleton nor the tower is now believed to be Norman. The poem is in what we call ballad form, and represents the spirit of the dead warrior as telling the story of his life.

1. Who asks the questions in the first stanza? Where does the answer begin? 2. What had the warrior been? 3. What were the sports of his boyhood? The occupations of his manhood? 4. Why did he leave the Northland? 5. How did he escape? 6. Where does he refer to the "tower"? 7. How did he die?

For Study with the Glossary: cavernous, Viking, manifold, skald, saga, gerfalcon, lair, were-wolf, corsair, marauders, Berserk, plighted, minstrel, sea-mew, flaw, cormorant, leeward, Skoal, wassail-bout, drinking-horn, Skaw, stagnant fen.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Recent discoveries. 2. Lands yet to be explored. 3. Hardships and dangers.

DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE

You already know that the statues, the buildings, and the poetry of Ancient Greece are still the admiration of the world. On the map Ancient Greece looks like a tiny country, and so it was. But the Greeks were a nation of sailors who loved adventure and new sights, and their ships went sailing away all along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Soon there were Greek villages on the islands, on the coast of Asia Minor, and along the shores of Italy. Marseilles was a Greek town for hundreds of years. In this way Greek learning and culture taught their wonderful lessons to the southern parts of Europe. Some of the Greeks believed that if their ships should sail westward out beyond the Pillars of Hercules, as they named the Straits of Gibraltar, they would find new and strange islands.

About a thousand years later, the nations of Western Europe, in their turn, became eager explorers. First, the Norsemen, hardy and bold, pushed out over the northwestern seas, and found Greenland and Labrador. Later on, while Columbus was growing up, little Portugal was sending out her ships to find a sea route to India. Then Spain became interested, and later England, France, and even Holland. You will find it very interesting to point out on a map of the United States, names that remind us of these four exploring nations. Most of them will be English, but you will find Spanish names in California and

the states south of California. There are Dutch names in New York, and French names are scattered from Lake Champlain to Detroit and Eau Claire and then southward to New Orleans and Mobile.

There are still some regions of the earth that we know very little about. Africa was long called the Dark Continent, and some parts of it are still "dark"; but to-day it is the polar regions that most attract the daring of explorers and the interest of scientific men.

Think how much easier it has become in the last hundred years to explore the unknown parts of the earth. Huge and powerful steamships can force their way into the polar ice-fields. Improved firearms lessen the danger from savages and wild beasts. Scientific knowledge of geography takes away the terror of unknown places, and medical science helps to keep away disease. So it happens that there are only a few portions of the earth that remain unexplored. The great work that the civilized nations now face is to bring the uncivilized and undeveloped lands to a higher state of civilization.

The next selection tells us the most wonderful story in our history, the story of Columbus in the last part of the voyage on which America was discovered. Italy and Spain were the countries that gave Christopher Columbus to us, for he was born in Genoa and he learned the art of sailing in his own country, and later it was the Spanish rulers, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, who supplied him with ships, money, and men. In doing this, they went against the opinions of the learned men of the day, who thought the ideas of Columbus were foolish and impossible.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS LAND

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence, were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the inhabitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control, and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon

doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much further were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to

stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September, the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent three days before on board of the *Pinta*. Pinzon thought that, according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango, and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly entertained the same idea, but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzon tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta*, and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself to his knees and returned thanks to God: and Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew, was five hundred and eighty-four; but the reckoning which he kept privately, was seven hundred and seven. On the following day, the weeds floated from east to west; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds had been

flying. Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west. Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzon, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that, should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again: he directed, also, that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it,

lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the *Niña*, however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further

they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observed, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a

kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, for her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening

darkened, Columbus took his station at the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At

length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself; the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants

were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. As they stood gazing at the ships, they appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereign, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

WASHINGTON IRVING: *Life of Columbus.*

HELPS TO STUDY

The first part of the story tells us about the discontent and the fears of the Spanish crews. 1. Of what were they afraid? 2. What did they think of Columbus? 3. What plots did they make against him? 4. In what different ways did Columbus manage his men?

Next we have the story of two disappointments. 1. What was the first? 2. Who claimed the reward? 3. Why did Columbus change his course twice? 4. What happened between September 25 and October 7? 5. Why did Columbus show his crew a false reckoning? 6. What new rules about the reward did he make? 7. What new orders did he give his ships? 8. What was the second disappointment?

Next we have many signs of land. 1. What was the first? 2. Why did Columbus think highly of Portuguese opinion? 3. How had he become acquainted with Portuguese ideas? 4. Why did he now change his course? 5. What new signs of land appeared? 6. How did the

crews look upon these fresh signs? 7. Describe the way in which Columbus maintained his authority. 8. What ended the despair of the men? 9. Can you think of any reason for sympathizing with them?

We now come to the actual discovery of land. 1. What song was sung every evening on Columbus's ships? 2. Give the address of Columbus to his crew in your own words. 3. How did every one feel that night? 4. What did Columbus see early in the night? 5. Who first saw land? When? 6. Who received the reward? 7. Tell what may have been the thoughts and feelings of Columbus as he waited for the dawn.

1. What land was Columbus seeking? 2. What is meant by the *Gloria in excelsis? Salve regina?* 3. Where is Seville? 4. In this story how did Columbus show his courage? his patience? his self-control?

Proper Names: Alonzo Pinzon (ā lon'tho Pin'thon); Cipango (Thĭ-pan go), Japan; Niña (Nē'nya); Seville, a city in Spain; Rodrigo Sanchez (Rod rē'go San'cheth); Pedro Gutierrez (Pā'dro Goo'tē er'reth); Triana (Trē an'a); San Sálvador means Holy Savior.

Phrases: Signal punishment, severe punishment not likely to be forgotten; *Gloria in excelsis* (glory in the highest) and *Salve regina* (Hail, queen); laid to, came to a stop; gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, a nobleman in the service of the king.

For Study with the Glossary: critical, augmented, derided, delusive, wafted, intervening, fomenting, temperament, compulsion, imminent, desperado, notorious, conjectured, discountenanced, inclination, controvert, stimulate, avarice, refractory, impede, prevalent, Señor, compliance, diverted, insensibly, beguiled, confident, forfeit, squadron, caravel, preconcerted, inspiriting, turbulent, sanguine, invariable, vesper, authorized, precaution, forecastle, poop, unremitting, roundhouse, transient, adjudged, conjectures, aromatic, prone, fanes, Oriental.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The fear of unknown things and places. 2. How Columbus kept his control over the sailors. 3. How the strangers must have seemed to the Indians.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate;
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword;
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. With what point in Columbus's great work does the poem begin? 2. Explain lines 3 and 4. 3. What troubles did the mate see ahead of them? 4. What is Columbus's answer to every fear and every difficulty? 5. What indications are there that the author of this poem had read Irving's story, which you have just read? 6. What is meant by "gained a world"? 7. What other service does the poet say he rendered us?

For Study with the Glossary: Azores, Gates of Hercules, ghastly, wan, blanched.

THE INDIANS OF VIRGINIA

Within sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war there are scarce fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells will grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambuscade in summer. They are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets.

They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with the root pocone bruised to powder and mixed with oil: this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by painting and ointments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood headed with splinters of crystal or some other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they will joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins, and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deers' horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will

not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but oftentimes they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pickax, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and forming themselves into companies, go with their families to the most desert places, where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten,

or fifteen at a hunting. They also drive them on to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are artificially counterfeited as perfectly as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another. If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also gazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children, and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

The Powhatans are constrained sometimes to fight against all their enemies. Their chief attempts are to capture by stratagem, treachery, or surprises. They do

not put women and children captives to death, but keep them.

They have a method in war, and for our pleasure they showed it to us. Having painted and disguised themselves in the fiercest manner they could devise, they divided themselves into two companies, with nearly a hundred in a company — the one company called Monacans, the other Powhatans.

Each army had its captain. These as enemies took their stand a musket shot from one another, ranged themselves fifteen abreast, and in ranks four or five yards apart; not in file, but with openings between their files, so that the rear could shoot as conveniently as the front. Having thus pitched the fields, a messenger from each part went with these conditions: that the fugitives of the vanquished, upon the submission in two days after, should live, but their wives and children should be prize for the conquerors.

The messengers no sooner returned than the companies approached in order, on each rank a sergeant, and in the rear an officer or lieutenant, all duly keeping their orders, yet leaping and singing after their accustomed manner in wars. Upon the first flight of arrows they gave most horrible shouts and screeches.

When they had spent their arrows, they came together, charging and retiring, every rank following the other. As they got a chance, they caught their enemy by the hair of the head and down he came. The victor with his wooden sword seemed to beat out his enemy's brains, and yet the

moment it was possible he crept to the rear to maintain the skirmish.

The Monacans decreasing, the Powhatans charged upon them in the form of a half-moon; they, unwilling to be inclosed, fled all in a troop to their ambuscades, on which they very cunningly led the Powhatans. The Monacans dispersed themselves among the fresh men hidden in ambush, whereupon the Powhatans retired with all speed. The Monacans seeing this, took advantage to retire again, and so each company returned to its own quarters. All their actions, voices, and gestures, both in charging and retreating, were so strained to the height of their quality and nature, that the strangeness of the scene made it seem very delightful.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

HELPS TO STUDY

This description of the Indians is from Captain John Smith's account. It was written in 1607 or 1608, shortly after he founded the colony at Jamestown. It is here changed in spelling and expression; but is still rather different from the English language of to-day.

1. What did the Indians look like? 2. What did they do for a living? What did the women do? 3. How did they hunt? 4. Describe their mimic warfare.

For Study with the Glossary: ambuscade, covetous, malicious, tattooed, pocone, buskins, targets, advantages, desert, counterfeited, stalking, conjurers, stratagem, vanquished, ambush.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Columbus's first landing. 2. Indian customs. 3. America before the white men came. 4. Pioneer hardships.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

I

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of being. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirl-

winds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

II

There is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The

young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores — a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated — a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes — the aged, the helpless, the women,

and the warriors — "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them — no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, not unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

JOSEPH STORY.

HELPS TO STUDY

These two famous selections express the poetry and pathos of the disappearance of the Indians from our Continent. The generation or two of white men who fought the Indians, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly, saw little good in them; still less could they see them as subjects for poetry and eloquent speeches. They saw them, rather, as shiftless, cruel, and treacherous enemies. But later generations, safe from the struggle, began to see something more of the Indian's rights, and something of the freedom and beauty of his life. The two addresses you have just read were written only sixty or seventy years ago.

I. 1. What customs and occupations of the Indians does the writer recall? 2. What did they worship? 3. What caused their disappearance?

Phrases: Tiger strife, fierce fighting; tables of stone, the ten commandments; God of revelation, the God of our Bible; anointed children of education, civilized people; pay due tribute, give the proper honor.

For Study with the Glossary: embellish, sedgy, pinion, adoration, usurped, progenitors, chronicles, exterminators.

II. 1. With what different feelings does Mr. Story think of the Indians? 2. What does he say of the stretch of country they once occupied? 3. What occupations and pleasures had they? 4. What virtues and what vices? 5. What things have caused their disappearance? 6. What lesson, or what feelings, do these authors impress upon us?

Phrases: Destined to extinction, doomed to perish; wasting pestilence, a destructive and spreading disease; moral canker, a moral evil that destroys; dark forebodings, gloomy and hopeless outlook.

For Study with the Glossary: atrocities, glades, tomahawk, sagacity, fidelity, sachem, remnants, vengeance, stifle, interpret, provocation, resentment, perfidy.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Why the Indian disappeared. 2. Records left of Indian life. 3. Indian Reservations.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP OF POKANOKET

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken — the ardor of enterprise was extinguished; he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity nor any arm that could bring deliverance.

With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about like a specter among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and of friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his careworn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed — crushed to the earth, but not humiliated — he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip, persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for

his memory. We find that amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil — a prince true to his subjects and indignant of their wrongs — a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

From *The Sketch-Book*, by WASHINGTON IRVING.

HELPS TO STUDY

When the New England colonists first came they found the Indians friendly. After a time wrong actions and misunderstandings on both sides led to petty wars and massacres. Finally, in 1675, the Indian tribes gathered under the leadership of Philip, chief of the Pequots, to exterminate the whites who were growing too numerous and powerful for the Indians. The passage here is from a longer article in *The Sketch-Book*. Earlier writers seldom saw any good in the Indians, or any right on their side. But Irving, writing a hundred and fifty years later, could see things differently. Impartial historians, however, do not see in King Philip such an admirable figure as Irving does; to them, he is a brave, revengeful, suspicious savage, part of whose wrongs are real, part fancied.

1. What had broken King Philip's spirit? 2. Mount Hope was in Rhode Island, where the city of Bristol now stands. What does Irving say about it? 3. How did King Philip receive offers of peace? 4. How was he betrayed? How did he die? 5. What good traits did he have? 6. What excuses are to be made for his ferocity?

Phrases: Ardor of enterprise, eagerness to achieve something; sullen grandeur, the bitter and resentful mood of a great man; the last dregs of bitterness, the extreme of suffering and humiliation; an expedient of peace, a means of gaining peace; theme of poet and historian, celebrated by writers.

For Study with the Glossary: complicated, despondency, specter, destitute, unwarily, reviles, dismayed, renegado, connubial, poignant, espoused, morass.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Good and bad traits of the Indian. 2. The white man's invasion (from the Indian's point of view). 3. Unused treasures of our continent. 4. The Indians of to-day.

KING PHILIP TO THE WHITE SETTLER

Think of the country for which the Indians fought. Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

> " — throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold," —

as he looked down, and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset, the distant hill-tops glittering as with fire, the slanting beams streaming across the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest, — could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control, into the hands of the stranger?

As the river chieftains — the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains — ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's ax — the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocomtuck Indians, who should have ascended the summit of the Sugar-loaf Mountain (rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur), — in company with a friendly settler, — contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic

strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

"Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

"The stranger came, a timid suppliant, — few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchments over the whole, and says, 'It is mine.'

"Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, the fierce Mohawk, — the man-eater, — is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No,

stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

"Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, — till the white man or the Indian perish from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety, — but remember, stranger, *there is eternal war between me and thee!*"

EDWARD EVERETT.

HELPS TO STUDY

Others than Irving thought King Philip an admirable figure, and had some regrets for the way their ancestors treated the Indians. Edward Everett (1794–1865) was an eminent scholar, statesman, and orator. He held the positions of professor of Greek at Harvard College, editor of the *North American Review*, member of Congress, minister to England, President of Harvard, Secretary of State, and Senator.

The quotation, beginning at line 4, is from Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

For Study with the Glossary: unrestrained, suppliant, parchments.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The story of King Philip. 2. The struggle between the Indians and the Colonists. 3. The country before the white men came.

LEATHERSTOCKING TALES

The selections which follow tell of some of the adventures of Natty Bumpo, one of the most famous characters in fiction. He appears in the five "Leatherstocking Novels" by James Fenimore Cooper; and our five selections are from the five novels, "Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." They follow his career from his initiation as an Indian fighter through his exploits in the French and Indian wars, to a time after the Revolution when the old hunter and trapper ends his life on a western prairie. Within his lifetime he had seen scattered British colonies along the Atlantic grow into an independent nation. The settlements of the white man had invaded the untracked forests, and he had been forced to seek his hunting grounds further and further west. The story of his life is the story of the march of our frontier, overpowering the opposition of the wilderness and the red men.

Leatherstocking is a man of the woods, and the various names by which he is known testify to his skill on the trail or with the rifle — Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder. He has little education from books and he lives apart from civilization, and he associates in friendship or in war with the savages of the forests. But Leatherstocking has carried into the wilderness what he calls his "white gifts," some of the best qualities of the white man. He has the fundamental virtues of honesty and kindness. His heart is as true as the unerring eye which sights his rifle.

I. DEERSLAYER ON HIS FIRST WAR-PATH

Deerslayer has come to Lake Otsego (Glimmerglass) to meet his friend Chingachgook, a chief of the Delawares, whose bride has been taken a prisoner by the hostile Hurons or Mingos. Built upon piles in the shoal of the lake is a house known as the castle, where live the trapper Hutter and his two daughters. War has just begun between the English colonies and French Canada; and a band of Hurons succeed in taking Hutter and a friend prisoners. Deerslayer has escaped from the Indians and has passed the night on the lake in his canoe. At dawn he looks about for the canoes which he had set adrift in order to prevent the Indians from reaching the castle, now occupied only by the two girls.

Deerslayer's rest had been deep and undisturbed; and when he awoke, it was with a clearness of intellect and a readiness of resources that were very much needed at that particular moment. The sun had not risen, it is true, but the vault of heaven was rich with the winning softness of the carols of birds, the hymns of the feathered tribe.

These sounds first told Deerslayer the risks he ran. The air, for wind it could scarce be called, was still light, it is true, but it had increased a little in the course of the night, and as the canoes were mere feathers on the water, they had drifted twice the expected distance; and, what was still more dangerous, had approached near the base of the mountain that here rose precipitously from the eastern shore. This was not the worst. The third canoe had taken the same direction, and was slowly drifting towards a point where it must inevitably touch, unless turned aside by a shift of wind, or human hands. In other respects, nothing presented itself to attract attention, or to awaken alarm.

The castle stood on its shoal, nearly abreast of the canoes, for the drift had amounted to miles in the course of the night, and the ark lay fastened to its piles, as both had been left so many hours before.

As a matter of course, Deerslayer's attention was first given to the canoe ahead. It was already quite near the point, and a very few strokes of the paddle sufficed to tell him that it must touch before he could possibly overtake it. Just at this moment, too, the wind inopportunely freshened, rendering the drift of the light craft much more rapid than before. Feeling the impossibility of preventing a contact with the land, the young man wisely determined not to heat himself with unnecessary exertions; but first looking to the priming of his piece, he proceeded slowly and warily towards the point, taking care to make a little circuit, that he might be exposed on only one side, as he approached.

The canoe adrift being directed by no such intelligence, pursued its proper way, and grounded on a small sunken rock, at the distance of three or four yards from the shore. Just at that moment, Deerslayer had got abreast of the point, and turned the bows of his own boat to the land; first casting loose his tow, that his movements might be unencumbered. The canoe hung an instant on the rock; then it rose a hair's-breadth on an almost imperceptible swell of the water, swung round, floated clear, and reached the strand. All this the young man noted, but it neither quickened his pulses, nor hastened his hand. If any one had been lying in wait for the arrival of the waif, he must

be seen. and the utmost caution in approaching the shore became indispensable; if no one was in ambush, hurry was unnecessary. The point being almost diagonally opposite to the Indian encampment, he hoped the last, though the former was not only possible, but probable; for the savages were prompt in adopting all the expedients of their particular modes of warfare, and quite likely had many scouts searching the shores for craft to carry them off to the castle. As a glance at the lake from any height or projection would expose the smallest object on its surface, there was little hope that either of the canoes would pass unseen; and Indian sagacity needed no instruction to tell which way a boat or a log would drift, when the direction of the wind was known. As Deerslayer drew nearer and nearer to the land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. It was a trying moment for a novice, nor was there the encouragement which even the timid sometimes feel, when conscious of being observed and commended. He was entirely alone, thrown on his own resources, and was cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the most experienced veteran in forest warfare could not have behaved better. Equally free from recklessness and hesitation, his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence, that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. Such was the commencement of a career in forest exploits, that afterwards rendered this man, in his

way, and under the limits of his habits and opportunities, as renowned as many a hero whose name has adorned the pages of works more celebrated than this simple legend of ours can ever become.

When about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the bark to land, and then, quickly laying aside the instrument of labor, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet that passed so near his body as to cause him involuntarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell — it came from a single voice — followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay, probably, saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the meantime Deerslayer had been swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the point just as his enemy disappeared. As its movements had not been directed, it touched the shore a few yards from the other boat; and though the rifle of his foe had to be loaded, there was not time to secure his prize, and carry it beyond danger, before he would be exposed to another shot. Under the circumstances, therefore, he

did not pause an instant, but dashed into the woods and sought cover.

On the immediate point there was a small open area, partly in native grass, and partly beach, but a dense fringe of bushes lined its upper side. This narrow belt of dwarf vegetation passed, one issued immediately into the high and gloomy vaults of the forest. The land was tolerably level for a few hundred feet, and then it rose precipitously in a mountain-side. The trees were tall, large, and so free from underbrush, that they resembled vast columns, irregularly scattered, upholding a dome of leaves. Although they stood tolerably close together, for their ages and size, the eye could penetrate to considerable distances; and bodies of men, even, might have engaged beneath their cover, with concert and intelligence.

Deerslayer knew that his adversary must be employed in reloading, unless he had fled. The former proved to be the case, for the young man had no sooner placed himself behind a tree, than he caught a glimpse of the arm of the Indian, his body being concealed by an oak, in the very act of forcing the leathered bullet home. Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward, and decide the affair by a close assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step, although his own life had just been attempted from a cover. He was yet unpracticed in the ruthless expedients of savage warfare, of which he knew nothing except by tradition and theory, and it struck him as an unfair advantage to assail an unarmed foe. His color had heightened, his eye frowned, his lips

were compressed, and all his energies were collected and ready; but, instead of advancing to fire, he dropped his rifle to the usual position of a sportsman in readiness to catch his aim, and muttered to himself, unconscious that he was speaking —

"No, no — that may be redskin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gifts. Let the miscreant charge, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must* not, and *shall* not have. No, no; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right!"

All this time the Indian had been so intent on his own movements, that he was even ignorant that his enemy was in the woods. His only apprehension was, that the canoe would be recovered and carried away before he might be in readiness to prevent it. He had sought the cover from habit, but was within a few feet of the fringe of bushes, and could be at the margin of the forest in readiness to fire in a moment. The distance between him and his enemy was about fifty yards, and the trees were so arranged by nature that the line of sight was not interrupted, except by the particular trees behind which each party stood.

His rifle was no sooner loaded, than the savage glanced around him, and advanced incautiously as regarded the real, but stealthily as respected the fancied position of his enemy, until he was fairly exposed. Then Deerslayer stepped from behind his own cover and hailed him.

"This a way, redskin; this a way, if you're looking for me," he called out. "I'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl, by

daylight. It rests on yourself whether it's peace or war atween us; for my gifts are white gifts, and I'm not one of them that thinks it valiant to slay human mortals, singly, in the woods."

The savage was a good deal startled by this sudden discovery of the danger he ran. He had a little knowledge of English, however, and caught the drift of the other's meaning. He was also too well schooled to betray alarm, but, dropping the butt of his rifle to the earth, with an air of confidence, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy. All this was done with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to consider no man his superior. In the midst of this consummate acting, however, the volcano that raged within caused his eyes to glare, and his nostrils to dilate, like those of some wild beast that is suddenly prevented from taking the fatal leap.

"Two canoes," he said, in the deep guttural tones of his race, holding up the number of fingers he mentioned, by way of preventing mistakes; "one for you — one for me."

"No, no, Mingo, that will never do. You own neither; and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it's war atween your people and mine, but that's no reason why human mortals should slay each other, like savage creatur's that meet in the woods; go your way, then, and leave me to go mine. The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, why, the Lord will order the fate of each of us."

"Good!" exclaimed the Indian; "my brother missionary — great talk; all about Manitou."

"Not so — not so, warrior. I'm not good enough for the Moravians, and am too good for most of the other vagabonds that preach about in the woods. No, no; I'm only a hunter as yet, though afore the peace is made, 'tis like enough there'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in a quarrel about the ownership of a miserable canoe."

"Good! My brother very young — but he is very wise. Little warrior — great talker. Chief, sometimes, in council."

"I don't know this, nor do I say it, Injin," returned Deerslayer, coloring a little at the ill-concealed sarcasm of the other's manner; "I look forward to a life in the woods, and I only hope it may be a peaceable one. All young men must go on the war-path when there's occasion, but war isn't needfully massacre. I've seen enough of the last, this very night, to know that Providence frowns on it; and I now invite you to go your own way, while I go mine; and hope that we may part fri'nds."

"Good! My brother has two scalp — gray hair under t'other. Old wisdom — young tongue."

Here the savage advanced with confidence, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his whole bearing denoting amity and respect. Deerslayer met his offered friendship in a proper spirit and they shook hands cordially, each endeavoring to assure the other of his sincerity and desire to be at peace.

"All have his own," said the Indian; "my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look; if your'n, you keep; if mine, I keep."

"That's just, redskin; though you must be wrong in thinking the canoe your property. Howsever, seein' is believin', and we'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes; for it's likely you'll object to trustin' altogether to mine."

The Indian uttered his favorite exclamation of "Good!" and then they walked side by side towards the shore. There was no apparent distrust in the manner of either, the Indian moving in advance, as if he wished to show his companion that he did not fear turning his back to him. As they reached the open ground, the former pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said emphatically —

"No mine — pale-face canoe. *This* red man's. No want other man's canoe — want his own."

"You're wrong, redskin, you're altogether wrong. This canoe was left in old Hutter's keeping, and is his'n according to law, red or white, till its owner comes to claim it. Here's the seats and the stitching of the bark to speak for themselves. No man ever know'd an Injin to turn off such work."

"Good! My brother little old — big wisdom. Injin no make him. White man's work."

"I'm glad you think so, for holding out to the contrary might have made ill blood atween us, every one having a right to take possession of his own. I'll just shove the canoe out of reach of dispute at once, as the quickest way of settling difficulties."

While Deerslayer was speaking, he put a foot against the end of the light boat, and giving a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the

true current, it would necessarily float past the point, and be in no further danger of coming ashore. The savage started at this ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary, and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness, and a smile of satisfaction.

"Good!" he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. "Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. He go to house in water — muskrat house — Injin go to camp; tell chiefs no find canoe."

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly, and while the red man walked calmly towards the wood, with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved towards the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, it is true, but keeping his eye fastened on the movements of the other. This distrust, however, seemed to be altogether uncalled for, and, as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his look, and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing. He might have been thus employed a minute, when, happening to turn his face towards the land, his quick and certain eye told him, at a glance, the imminent jeopardy in which his life was placed. The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him, like those of the

crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer, as a hunter, did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment and a single motion; then aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance which alone was visible. There was no time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements, that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle as it was flying past him. At that instant

the Indian staggered and fell his whole length on the ground.

"I know'd it — I know'd it!" exclaimed Deerslayer, who was already preparing to force a fresh bullet into his rifle; "I know'd it must come to this, as soon as I had got the range from the creatur's eyes. A man sights suddenly, and fires quick when his own life's in danger; yes, I know'd it would come to this. I was about the hundredth part of a second too quick for him, or it might have been bad for me! The riptyle's bullet has just grazed my side — but say what you will for or ag'in 'em, a redskin is by no means as sartain with powder and ball as a white man. Their gifts don't seem to lie thataway. Even Chingachgook, great as he is in other matters, isn't downright deadly with the rifle."

From *The Deerslayer*.

II. ON THE TRAIL

In the fighting about Lake George (Horicon) during the French and Indian wars, the two daughters of Colonel Munro along with David Gamut, a half-witted singing master, have been carried away prisoners by the Hurons under their chief Magua or Le Renard. On their trail in pursuit are Colonel Munro, young Major Duncan Heyward, Chingachgook the chief or sagamore, his son Uncas, and Natty Bumpo, now an experienced Indian fighter and scout, known as Hawkeye. The dark daughter is Cora, the light-haired, Alice Munro.

After proceeding a few miles, the progress of Hawkeye, who led the advance, became more deliberate and watchful. He often stopped to examine the trees; nor did he cross a rivulet without attentively considering the quantity, the

velocity, and the color of its waters. Distrusting his own judgment, his appeals to the opinion of Chingachgook were frequent and earnest. During one of these conferences Heyward observed that Uncas stood a patient and silent, though, as he imagined, an interested listener. He was strongly tempted to address the young chief, and demand his opinion of their progress; but the calm and dignified demeanor of the native induced him to believe, that, like himself, the other was wholly dependent on the sagacity and intelligence of the seniors of the party. At last the scout spoke in English, and at once explained the embarrassment of their situation.

"When I found that the home path of the Hurons run north," he said, "it did not need the judgment of many long years to tell that they would follow the valleys, and keep atween the waters of the Hudson and the Horicon, until they might strike the springs of the Canada streams, which would lead them into the heart of the country of the Frenchers. Yet here are we, within a short range of the Scaroons, and not a sign of a trail have we crossed! Human natur' is weak, and it is possible we may not have taken the proper scent."

"Heaven protect us from such an error!" exclaimed Duncan. "Let us retrace our steps, and examine as we go, with keener eyes. Has Uncas no counsel to offer in such a strait?"

The young Mohican cast a glance at his father, but maintaining his quiet and reserved mien, he continued silent. Chingachgook had caught the look, and motioning with his hand, he bade him speak. The moment this

permission was accorded, the countenance of Uncas changed from its grave composure to a gleam of intelligence and joy. Bounding forward like a deer, he sprang up the side of a little acclivity, a few rods in advance, and stood, exultingly, over a spot of fresh earth, that looked as though it had been recently upturned by the passage of some heavy animal. The eyes of the whole party followed the unexpected movement, and read their success in the air of triumph that the youth assumed.

"'Tis the trail!" exclaimed the scout, advancing to the spot; "the lad is quick of sight and keen of wit for his years."

"'Tis extraordinary that he should have withheld his knowledge so long," muttered Duncan, at his elbow.

"It would have been more wonderful had he spoken without a bidding. No, no; your young white, who gathers his learning from books and can measure what he knows by the page, may conceit that his knowledge, like his legs, outruns that of his father; but where experience is the master, the scholar is made to know the value of years, and respects them accordingly."

"See!" said Uncas, pointing north and south, at the evident marks of the broad trail on either side of him, "the dark hair has gone toward the frost."

"Hound never ran on a more beautiful scent," responded the scout, dashing forward, at once, on the indicated route; "we are favored, greatly favored, and can follow with high noses. Ay, here are both your waddling beasts; this Huron travels like a white general."

The spirits of the scout, and the astonishing success of the chase, in which a circuitous distance of more than forty miles had been passed, did not fail to impart a portion of hope to the whole party. Their advance was rapid; and made with as much confidence as a traveler would proceed along a wide highway. If a rock, or a rivulet, or a bit of earth harder than common, severed the links of the clew they followed, the true eye of the scout recovered them at a distance, and seldom rendered the delay of a single moment necessary. Their progress was much facilitated by the certainty that Magua had found it necessary to journey through the valleys; a circumstance which rendered the general direction of the route sure. Nor had the Huron entirely neglected the arts uniformly practiced by the natives when retiring in front of an enemy. False trails and sudden turnings were frequent, wherever a brook or the formation of the ground rendered them feasible; but his pursuers were rarely deceived, and never failed to detect their error before they had lost either time or distance on the deceptive track.

By the middle of the afternoon they had passed the Scaroons, and were following the route of the declining sun. After descending an eminence to a low bottom, through which a swift stream glided, they suddenly came to a place where the party of Le Renard had made a halt. Extinguished brands were lying around a spring, the offals of a deer were scattered about the place, and the trees bore evident marks of having been browsed by the horses. At a little distance, Heyward discovered, and contemplated with tender emotion, the small bower under which he was fain

to believe that Cora and Alice had reposed. But while the earth was trodden, and the footsteps of both men and beasts were so plainly visible around the place, the trail appeared to have suddenly ended.

It was easy to follow the tracks of the Narragansetts, but they seemed only to have wandered without guides, or any other object than the pursuit of food. At length Uncas, who with his father had endeavored to trace the route of the horses, came upon a sign of their presence that was quite recent. Before following the clew, he communicated his success to his companions; and while the latter were consulting on the circumstance, the youth reappeared, leading the two fillies, with their saddles broken, and the housings soiled, as though they had been permitted to run at will for several days.

"What should this prove?" said Duncan, turning pale, and glancing his eyes around him, as if he feared the brush and leaves were about to give up some horrid secret.

"That our march is come to a quick end, and that we are in an enemy's country," returned the scout. "Had the knave been pressed, and the gentle ones wanted horses to keep up with the party, he might have taken their scalps; but without an enemy at his heels, and with such rugged beasts as these, he would not hurt a hair of their heads. It is true that the horses are here, but the Hurons are gone; let us, then, hunt for the path by which they departed."

Hawkeye and the Mohicans now applied themselves to their task in good earnest. A circle of a few hundred feet

in circumference was drawn, and each of the party took a segment for his portion. The examination, however, resulted in no discovery. The impressions of footsteps were numerous, but they all appeared like those of men who had wandered about the spot, without any design to quit it. Again the scout and his companions made the circuit of the halting place, each slowly following the other, until they assembled in the center once more, no wiser than when they started.

"Such cunning is not without its deviltry," exclaimed Hawkeye, when he met the disappointed looks of his assistants.

"We must get down to it, Sagamore, beginning at the spring, and going over the ground by inches. The Huron shall never brag in his tribe that he has a foot which leaves no print."

Setting the example himself, the scout engaged in the scrutiny with renewed zeal. Not a leaf was left unturned. The sticks were removed, and the stones lifted; for Indian cunning was known frequently to adopt these objects as covers, laboring with the utmost patience and industry, to conceal each footstep as they proceeded. Still no discovery was made. At length Uncas, whose activity had enabled him to achieve his portion of the task the soonest, raked the earth across the turbid little rill which ran from the spring, and diverted its course into another channel. So soon as its narrow bed below the dam was dry, he stooped over it with keen and curious eyes. A cry of exultation immediately announced the success of the young warrior. The whole

party crowded to the spot where Uncas pointed out the impression of a moccasin in the moist alluvium.

"The lad will be an honor to his people," said Hawkeye, regarding the trail with as much admiration as a naturalist would expend on the tusk of a mammoth or the rib of a mastodon; "ay, and a thorn in the sides of the Hurons. Yet that is not the footstep of an Indian! the weight is too much on the heel, and the toes are squared, as though one of the French dancers had been in, pigeon-winging his tribe! Run back, Uncas, and bring me the size of the singer's foot. You will find a beautiful print of it just opposite yon rock, agin the hillside."

While the youth was engaged in this commission, the scout and Chingachgook were attentively considering the impressions. The measurements agreed, and the former unhesitatingly pronounced that the footstep was that of David, who had once more been made to exchange his shoes for moccasins.

"I can now read the whole of it, as plainly as if I had seen the arts of Le Subtil," he added; "the singer being a man whose gifts lay chiefly in his throat and feet, was made to go first, and the others had trod in his steps, imitating their formation."

"But," cried Duncan, "I see no signs of —"

"The gentle ones," interrupted the scout; "the varlet has found a way to carry them, until he supposed he had thrown any followers off the scent. My life on it, we see their pretty little feet again, before many rods go by."

The whole party now proceeded, following the course of the

rill, keeping anxious eyes on the regular impressions. The water soon flowed into its bed again, but watching the ground on either side, the foresters pursued their way content with knowing that the trail lay beneath. More than half a mile was passed before the rill rippled close around the base of an extensive and dry rock. Here they paused to make sure that the Hurons had not quitted the water.

It was fortunate they did so. For the quick and active Uncas soon found the impression of a foot on a bunch of moss, where it would seem an Indian had inadvertently trodden. Pursuing the direction given by this discovery, he entered the neighboring thicket and struck the trail, as fresh and obvious as it had been before they reached the spring. Another shout announced the good fortune of the youth to his companions, and at once terminated the search.

"Ay, it has been planned with Indian judgment," said the scout, when the party was assembled around the place, "and would have blinded white eyes."

"Shall we proceed?" demanded Heyward.

"Softly, softly: we know our path; but it is good to examine the formation of things. This is my schooling, major; and if one neglects the book, there is little chance of learning from the open hand of Providence. All is plain but one thing, which is the manner that the knave contrived to get the gentle ones along the blind trail. Even a Huron would be too proud to let their tender feet touch the water."

"Will this assist in explaining the difficulty?" said Heyward, pointing toward the fragments of a sort of handbarrow,

that had been rudely constructed of boughs, and bound together with withes, and which now seemed carelessly cast aside as useless.

"'Tis explained!" cried the delighted Hawkeye. "If them varlets have passed a minute, they have spent hours in striving to fabricate a lying end to their trail! Well, I've known them to waste a day in the same manner, to as little purpose. Here we have three pair of moccasins, and two of little feet. It is amazing that any mortal beings can journey on limbs so small! Pass me the thong of buckskin, Uncas, and let me take the length of this foot. By the Lord, it is no longer than a child's and yet the maidens are tall and comely. That Providence is partial in its gifts, for its own wise reasons, the best and most contented of us must allow."

"The tender limbs of my daughters are unequal to these hardships," said Munro, looking at the light footsteps of his children, with a parent's love; 'we shall find their fainting forms in this desert."

"Of that there is little cause of fear," returned the scout, slowly shaking his head; "this is a firm and straight, though a light step, and not over long. See, the heel has hardly touched the ground; and there the dark-hair has made a little jump, from root to root. No, no; my knowledge for it, neither of them were nigh fainting, hereaway. Now, the singer was beginning to be footsore and leg-weary, as is plain by his trail. There, you see, he slipped; here he has traveled wide and tottered; and there again it looks as though he journeyed on snowshoes. Ay, ay, a man who

uses his throat altogether, can hardly give his legs a proper training."

From such undeniable testimony did the practiced woodsman arrive at the truth, with nearly as much certainty and precision as if he had been a witness of all those events which his ingenuity so easily elucidated. Cheered by these assurances, and satisfied by a reasoning that was so obvious, while it was so simple, the party resumed its course, after making a short halt for a hurried repast.

When the meal was ended, the scout cast a glance upward at the setting sun, and pushed forward with a rapidity which compelled Heyward and the still vigorous Munro to exert all their muscles to equal. Their route now lay along the bottom which has already been mentioned. As the Hurons had made no further efforts to conceal their footsteps, the progress of the pursuers was no longer delayed by uncertainty. Before an hour had elapsed, however, the speed of Hawkeye sensibly abated, and his head, instead of maintaining its former direct and forward look, began to turn suspiciously from side to side, as if he were conscious of approaching danger. He soon stopped again, and waited for the whole party to come up.

"I scent the Hurons," he said, speaking to the Mohicans; "yonder is open sky, through the tree tops, and we are getting too nigh their encampment. Sagamore, you will take the hillside, to the right; Uncas will bend along the brook to the left, while I will try the trail. If anything should happen, the call will be three croaks of a crow. I saw one of the birds fanning himself in the air, just beyond

the dead oak — another sign that we are touching an encampment."

The Indians departed their several ways without reply, while Hawkeye cautiously proceeded with the two gentlemen. Heyward soon pressed to the side of their guide, eager to catch an early glimpse of those enemies he had pursued with so much toil and anxiety. His companion told him to steal to the edge of the wood, which, as usual, was fringed with a thicket, and wait his coming, for he wished to examine certain suspicious signs a little on one side. Duncan obeyed, and soon found himself in a situation to command a view which he found as extraordinary as it was novel.

The trees of many acres had been felled, and the glow of a mild summer's evening had fallen on the clearing, in beautiful contrast to the gray light of the forest. A short distance from the place where Duncan stood, the stream had seemingly expanded into a little lake, covering most of the low land, from mountain to mountain. The water fell out of this wide basin, in a cataract so regular and gentle, that it appeared rather to be the work of human hands than fashioned by nature. A hundred earthen dwellings stood on the margin of the lake, and even in its water, as though the latter had overflowed its usual banks. Their rounded roofs, admirably molded for defense against the weather, denoted more of industry and foresight than the natives were wont to bestow on their regular habitations, much less on those they occupied for the temporary purposes of hunting and war. In short, the whole village or town, whichever it might be termed, possessed more of method and neatness of

execution, than the white men had been accustomed to believe belonged, ordinarily, to the Indian habits. It appeared, however, to be deserted. At least, so thought Duncan for many minutes; but, at length, he fancied he discovered several human forms advancing toward him on all fours, and apparently dragging in their train some heavy, and as he was quick to apprehend, some formidable engine. Just then a few dark-looking heads gleamed out of the dwellings, and the place seemed suddenly alive with beings, which, however, glided from cover to cover so swiftly as to allow no opportunity of examining their humors or pursuits. Alarmed at these suspicious and inexplicable movements, he was about to attempt the signal of the crows, when the rustling of leaves at hand drew his eyes in another direction.

The young man started, and recoiled a few paces instinctively, when he found himself within a hundred yards of a stranger Indian. Recovering his recollection on the instant, instead of sounding an alarm, which might prove fatal to himself, he remained stationary, an attentive observer of the other's motions.

An instant of calm observation served to assure Duncan that he was undiscovered. The native, like himself, seemed occupied in considering the low dwellings of the village, and the stolen movements of its inhabitants. It was impossible to discover the expression of his features, through the grotesque mask of paint under which they were concealed; though Duncan fancied it was rather melancholy than savage. His head was shaved, as usual, with the exception

of the crown, from whose tuft three or four faded feathers from a hawk's wing were loosely dangling. A ragged calico mantle half encircled his body, while his nether garment was composed of an ordinary shirt, the sleeves of which were made to perform the office that is usually executed by a much more commodious arrangement. His legs were bare, and sadly cut and torn by briers. The feet were, however, covered with a pair of good deerskin moccasins. Altogether, the appearance of the individual was forlorn and miserable. Duncan was still curiously observing the person of his neighbor, when the scout stole silently and cautiously to his side.

"You see we have reached their settlement or encampment," whispered the young man; "and here is one of the savages himself, in a very embarrassing position for our further movements."

Hawkeye started, and dropped his rifle, when, directed by the finger of his companion, the stranger came under his view. Then lowering the dangerous muzzle he stretched forward his long neck, as if to assist a scrutiny that was already intensely keen.

"The imp is not a Huron," he said, "nor of any of the Canada tribes; and yet you see, by his clothes, the knave has been plundering a white. Ay, Montcalm has raked the woods for his inroad, and a whooping, murdering set of varlets has he gathered together. Can you see where he has put his rifle or his bow?"

"He appears to have no arms; nor does he seem to be viciously inclined. Unless he communicate the alarm to his

fellows, who, as you see, are dodging about the water, we have but little to fear from him."

The scout turned to Heyward, and regarded him a moment with unconcealed amazement. Then opening wide his mouth, he indulged in unrestrained and heartfelt laughter, though in that silent and peculiar manner which danger had so long taught him to practice.

Repeating the words, "Fellows who are dodging about the water!" he added, "so much for schooling and passing a boyhood in the settlements! The knave has long legs, though, and shall not be trusted. Do you keep him under your rifle while I creep in behind, through the bush, and take him alive. Fire on no account."

Heyward had already permitted his companion to bury part of his person in the thicket, when, stretching forth his arm, he arrested him, in order to ask:

"If I see you in danger, may I not risk a shot?"

Hawkeye regarded him a moment, like one who knew not how to take the question; then nodding his head, he answered, still laughing, though inaudibly:

"Fire a whole platoon, major."

In the next moment he was concealed by the leaves. Duncan waited several minutes in feverish impatience before he caught another glimpse of the scout. Then he reappeared, creeping along the earth, from which his dress was hardly distinguishable, directly in the rear of his intended captive. Having come to within a few yards of the latter, he arose to his feet, silently and slowly. At that instant, several loud blows were struck on the water, and Duncan

turned his eyes just in time to perceive that a hundred dark forms were plunging, in a body, into the troubled little sheet. Grasping his rifle, he again bent his looks on the Indian near him. Instead of taking the alarm, the unconscious savage stretched forward his neck as if he also watched the movements about the gloomy lake, with a sort of silly curiosity. In the meantime, the uplifted hand of Hawkeye was above him. But, without any apparent reason, it was withdrawn, and its owner indulged in another long, though still silent, fit of merriment. When the peculiar and hearty laughter of Hawkeye was ended, instead of grasping his victim by the throat, he tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and exclaimed aloud:

"How now, friend! have you a mind to teach the beavers to sing?"

"Even so," was the ready answer. "It would seem that the Being that gave them power to improve his gifts so well, would not deny them voices to proclaim his praise."

The reader may better imagine, than we describe, the surprise of Heyward. His lurking Indians were suddenly converted into four-footed beasts; his lake into a beaver pond; his cataract into a dam, constructed by those industrious and ingenious quadrupeds; and a suspected enemy into his tried friend, David Gamut, the master of psalmody. The presence of the latter created so many unexpected hopes relative to the sisters that, without a moment's hesitation, the young man broke out of his ambush, and sprang forward to join the two principal actors in the scene.

From *The Last of the Mohicans.*

III. THE RIFLE SHOOTING

The time of this selection is a few years later than the last. The shooting match takes place at an army post where Major Duncan commands. The contestants, Lieutenant Muir, the quartermaster, Jasper Eaudouce, and Pathfinder, are all suitors for the hand of Mabel Duncan, the referee. Muir and Jasper have just shot, and both bullets have pierced the bull's eye.

Every eye turned toward the Pathfinder, as he took the required station. The air and attitude of this celebrated guide and hunter were extremely fine, as he raised his tall form and leveled the piece, showing perfect self-command, and a thorough knowledge of the power of the human frame, as well as of the weapon. Pathfinder was not what is usually termed a handsome man, though his appearance excited so much confidence and commanded respect. Tall, and even muscular, his frame might have been esteemed nearly perfect, were it not for the extraordinary absence of superfluous flesh. Whipcord was scarcely more rigid than his arms and legs, or, at need, more pliable; but the outlines of his person were rather too angular for the proportion that the eye most approves. Still, his motions, being natural, were graceful; and being calm and regulated, they gave him an air of dignity that associated well with the idea that was so prevalent of his services and peculiar merits. His honest, open features were burnt to a bright red that comported with the notion of exposure and hardships, — while his sinewy hands denoted force, and a species of use that was removed from the stiffening and deforming effects of labor. Although no one perceived any of those gentler or more insinuating

qualities which are apt to win a woman's affections, as he raised his rifle, not a female eye was fastened upon him without a silent approbation of the freedom of his movements, and the manliness of his air. Thought was scarcely quicker than his aim, and as the smoke floated above his head, the breech of the rifle was seen on the ground, the hand of the Pathfinder was leaning on the barrel, his honest countenance illuminated by his usual hearty laugh.

"If one dared to hint at such a thing," cried Major Duncan, "I should say that the Pathfinder had also missed the target!"

"No — no — major," returned the guide, confidently, "that *would* be a risky declaration. I didn't load the piece, and can't say what was in it; but if it was lead, you will find the bullet driving down those of the quartermaster's and Jasper's; else is not my name Pathfinder."

A shout from the target announced the truth of this assertion.

"That's not all — that's not all, boys," called out the guide, who was now slowly advancing toward the stage occupied by the females — "if you find the target touched at all, I'll own to a miss. The quartermaster cut the wood, but you'll find no wood cut by that last messenger."

"Very true, Pathfinder, very true," answered Muir, who was lingering near Mabel, though ashamed to address her particularly, in the presence of officers' wives. "The quartermaster did cut the wood, and by that means he opened a passage for your bullet, which went through the hole he had made."

"Well, quartermaster, there goes the nail, and we'll see who can drive it closest, you or I; for, though I do not think of showing what a rifle can do to-day, now my hand is in, I'll turn my back to no man that carries King George's commission. Chingachgook is outlying, or he might force me into some of the niceties of the art, but as for you, quartermaster, if the nail don't stop you the potato will."

"You're over-boastful this morning, Pathfinder, but you'll find you've no green boy, fresh from the settlements and the towns to deal with, I will assure ye!"

"I know that well, quartermaster, I know that well, and shall not deny your experience. You've lived many years on the frontiers, and I've heard of you in the colonies, and among the Injuns, too, quite a human life ago."

"Na—na—" interrupted Muir, in his broadest Scotch, "this is injustice, man. I've no lived so very long, neither."

"I'll do you justice, lieutenant, even if you get the best in the potato trial. I say you've passed a good human life, for a soldier, in places where the rifle is daily used, and I know you are a creditable and ingenious marksman; but then you are not a true rifle-shooter. As for boasting, I hope I'm not a vain talker about my own exploits, but a man's gifts are his gifts, and it's flying in the face of Providence to deny them. The sergeant's daughter, here, shall judge atween us, if you have the stomach to submit to so pretty a judge."

A call for the competitors now drew the quartermaster and his adversary away, and in a few moments the second trial of skill commenced. A common wrought nail was

driven lightly into the target, its head having been first touched with paint, and the marksman was required to hit it, or he lost his chance in the succeeding trials. No one was permitted to enter on this occasion who had already failed in the essay against the bull's eye.

There might have been half a dozen aspirants for the honors of this trial; one or two who had barely succeeded in touching the spot of paint, in the previous strife, preferring to rest their reputations there; feeling certain that they could not succeed in the greater effort that was now exacted of them. The three first adventurers failed, all coming quite near the mark, but neither touching it. The fourth person who presented himself was the quartermaster, who, after going through his usual attitudes, so far succeeded as to carry away a small portion of the head of the nail, planting his bullet by the side of its point. This was not considered an extraordinary shot, though it brought the adventurer within the category.

"You've saved your bacon, quartermaster, as they say in the settlements of their creatur's," cried Pathfinder, laughing, "but it would take a long time to build a house with a hammer no better than your'n. Jasper, here, will show you how a nail is to be started, or the lad has lost some of his steadiness of hand and sartainty of eye. You would have done better yourself, lieutenant, had you not been so much bent on so'gerizing your figure. Shooting is a nat'ral gift, and is to be exercised in a nat'ral way."

* * * * * * *

As the Pathfinder spoke, the bullet of Eau-douce hit the nail square, and drove it into the target, within an inch of the head.

"Be all ready to clinch it, boys," cried out Pathfinder, stepping into his friend's tracks the instant they were vacant. "Never mind a new; I can see that, though the paint is gone, and what I can see, I can hit at a hundred yards, though it were only a mosquito's eye. Be ready to clinch!"

The rifle cracked, the bullet sped its way, and the head of the nail was buried in the wood, covered by the piece of flattened lead.

"Well, Jasper, lad," continued Pathfinder, dropping the breech of his rifle to the ground, and resuming the discourse, as if he thought nothing of his own exploit, "you improve daily. A few more tramps on land, in my company, and the best marksman on the frontiers will have occasion to look keenly, when he takes his stand ag'in you. The quartermaster is respectable, but he will never get any further; whereas you, Jasper, have the gift, and may one day defy any who pull trigger."

"Hoot, hoot!" exclaimed Muir, "do you call hitting the head of the nail respectable only, when it's the perfection of art! Any one, in the least refined and elevated in sentiment, knows that the delicate touches denote the master; whereas your sledge-hammer blows come from the rude and uninstructed. If, 'a miss is as good as a mile,' a hit ought to be better, Pathfinder, whether it wound or kill."

"The surest way of settling this rivalry, will be to make

another trial," observed Lundie, "and that will be of the potato. You're Scotch, Mr. Muir, and might fare better were it a cake or a thistle; but frontier law has declared for the American fruit, and the potato it shall be."

As Major Duncan manifested some impatience of manner, Muir had too much tact to delay the sports any longer, with his discursive remarks, but judiciously prepared himself for the next appeal. To say the truth, the quartermaster had little or no faith in his own success in the trial of skill that was to follow, nor would he have been so free in presenting himself as a competitor at all, had he anticipated it would have been made. But Major Duncan, who was somewhat of a humorist in his own quiet Scotch way, had secretly ordered it to be introduced, expressly to mortify him. As soon as everything was prepared, Muir was summoned to the stand, and the potato was held in readiness to be thrown. As the sort of feat we are about to offer the reader, however, may be new to him, a word in explanation will render the matter more clear. A potato of large size was selected, and given to one who stood at the distance of twenty yards from the stand. At the word "heave," which was given by the marksman, the vegetable was thrown with a gentle toss into the air, and it was the business of the adventurer to cause a ball to pass through it, before it reached the ground.

The quartermaster, in a hundred experiments, had once succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat, but he now essayed to perform it again, with a sort of blind hope that was fated to be disappointed. The potato was thrown in

the usual manner, the rifle was discharged, but the flying target was untouched.

"To the right about, and fall out, quartermaster," said Lundie, smiling at the success of his own artifice — "the honor of the silken calash will lie between Jasper Eau-douce and Pathfinder."

"And how is the trial to end, major?" inquired the latter, "are we to have the two potato trial, or is it to be settled by center and skin?"

"By center and skin, if there is any perceptible difference; otherwise the double shot must follow."

"This is an awful moment to me, Pathfinder," observed Jasper, as he moved toward the stand, his face actually losing its color in intensity of feeling.

Pathfinder gazed earnestly at the young man, and then, begging Major Duncan to have patience for a moment, he led his friend out of the hearing of all near him, before he spoke.

"You seem to take this matter to heart, Jasper," the hunter remarked, his eyes fastened on those of the youth.

"I must own, Pathfinder, that my feelings were never before so much bound up in success."

"And do you so much crave to outdo me, an old and tried friend? — and that, as it might be, in my own way? Shooting is my gift, boy, and no common hand can equal mine!"

"I know it — I know it, Pathfinder — but — yet —"

"But what, Jasper, boy? — speak freely; you talk to a friend."

The young man compressed his lips, dashed a hand across his eye, and flushed and paled alternately, like a girl confessing her love. Then squeezing the other's hand, he said calmly, like one whose manhood has overcome all other sensations:

"I would lose an arm, Pathfinder, to be able to make an offering of that calash to Mabel Duncan."

The hunter dropped his eyes to the ground, and as he walked slowly back to the stand, he seemed to ponder deeply on what he had just heard.

"You never could succeed in the double trial, Jasper!" he suddenly remarked.

"Of that I am certain, and it troubles me."

"What a creature is mortal man! He pines for things which are not of his gift, and treats the bounties of Providence lightly. No matter — no matter. Take your station, Jasper, for the major is waiting — and, harkee, lad — I must — I must touch the skin, for I could not show my face in the garrison with less than that."

"I suppose I must submit to my fate," returned Jasper, flushing and losing his color, as before; — "but I will make the effort if I die."

"What a thing is mortal man!" repeated Pathfinder, falling back to allow his friend room to take his aim — "he overlooks his own gifts and craves those of another!"

The potato was thrown, Jasper fired, and the shout that followed preceded the announcement of the fact that he had driven his bullet through its center, or so nearly so, as to merit that award.

"Here is a competitor worthy of you, Pathfinder," cried Major Duncan, with delight, as the former took his station, "and we may look to some fine shooting in the double trial."

"What a thing is mortal man!" repeated the hunter, scarce seeming to notice what was passing around him, so much were his thoughts absorbed in his own reflections — "Toss."

The potato was tossed, the rifle cracked — it was remarked just as the little black ball seemed stationary in the air, for the marksman evidently took unusual heed to his aim — and then a look of disappointment and wonder succeeded among those who caught the falling target.

"Two holes in one?" called out the major.

"The skin — the skin —" was the answer: "Only the skin!"

"How's this, Pathfinder? Is Jasper Eau-douce to carry off the honors of the day?"

"The calash is his," returned the other, shaking his head, and walking quietly away from the stand. "What a creature is mortal man! Never satisfied with his own gifts, but forever craving that which Providence denies!"

As Pathfinder had not buried his bullet in the potato, but had cut through the skin, the prize was immediately adjudged to Jasper.

From *The Pathfinder*.

IV. THE PANTHER

The time is several decades later than in the preceding selections. Leatherstocking, now an oldish man, is living near the same village on Lake Otsego. The two young ladies have wandered from the village for a walk in the forest.

The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed —

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds: it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the

sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried —

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?"

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth: "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail,

growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn back on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumphs of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulder of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that

already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wildcat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the human countenance that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen

foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination, it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy — her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips parted in horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock her ears than to be real.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creatur's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; then she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leatherstocking rushed by her, and he called aloud —

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged ani-

mal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, extinguished every spark of life by the discharge.

The death of her terrible enemy appeared to Elizabeth like a resurrection from her own grave. There was an elasticity in the mind of our heroine that rose to meet the pressure of instant danger, and the more direct it had been, the more her nature had struggled to overcome them. But still she was a woman. Had she been left to herself in her late extremity, she would probably have used her faculties to the utmost, and with discretion, in protecting her person; but encumbered with her inanimate friend, retreat was a thing not to be attempted. Notwithstanding the fearful aspect of her foe, the eye of Elizabeth had never shrunk from its gaze, and long after the event her thoughts would recur to her passing sensations, and the sweetness of her midnight sleep would be disturbed, as her active fancy conjured, in dreams, the most trifling movements of savage fury that the beast had exhibited in its moment of power.

We shall leave the reader to imagine the restoration of Louisa's senses, and the expressions of gratitude which fell from the young women. The former was effected by a little water, that was brought from one of the thousand springs of those mountains, in the cap of Leatherstocking; and the latter were uttered with the warmth that might be expected from the character of Elizabeth. Natty received her vehement protestations of gratitude with a simple expression of good will, and with indulgence for her present excitement, but with a carelessness that showed how little he thought of the service he had rendered.

"Well, well," he said, "be it so, gal, if you wish it. Come, come — let us go now, for you've had terror enough to make you wish yourself in your father's house ag'in."

From *The Pioneers.*

V. THE PRAIRIE FIRE

Captain Middleton and Paul Hoover, a bee hunter, have escaped from the Sioux (Tetons) with the young women, Inez and Ellen, through the assistance of Leatherstocking. They have spent the night camped in the thick grass of the prairie. In the morning they are ready to continue their flight, when a new danger threatens them.

"See, Middleton," exclaimed Inez in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation, "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still brighter crimson; rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!"

"God in heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom, under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly!"

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hoover, looking about him with no equivocal expression of concern, "I acknowledge that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say, mount and run."

"Ye are wrong — ye are wrong; man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoiterings."

The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further parlance to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practiced than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clew to the evidence by which he had

judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of the surrounding herbage, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a lookout that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The frightful prospect added nothing to the hopes of those who had so fearful a stake in the result. Although the day was beginning to dawn, the vivid colors of the sky continued to deepen, as if the fierce element were bent on an impious rivalry of the light of the sun. Bright flashes of flame shot up here and there along the margin of the waste, like the nimble coruscations of the North, but far more angry and threatening in their color and changes. The anxiety on the rigid features of the trapper sensibly deepened, as he leisurely traced these evidences of a conflagration, which spread in a broad belt about their place of refuge, until he had encircled the whole horizon.

Shaking his head, as he again turned his face to the point where the danger seemed nighest and most rapidly approaching, the old man said:

"Now have we been cheating ourselves with the belief that we had thrown these Tetons from our trail, while here is proof enough that they not only know where we lie, but that they intend to smoke us out, like so many skulking beasts of prey. See: they have lighted the fire around the whole bottom at the same moment, and we are as completely hemmed in by the devils as an island by its water."

"Let us mount and ride!" cried Middleton; "is life not worth a struggle?"

"Whither would ye go? Is a Teton horse a salamander that can walk amid fiery flames unhurt, or do you think the Lord will show his might in your behalf, as in the days of old, and carry you harmless through such a furnace as you may see glowing beneath yonder red sky? There are Sioux, too, hemming the fire with their arrows and knives on every side, or I am no judge of their murderous deviltries."

"We will ride into the center of the whole tribe," returned the youth fiercely, "and put their manhood to the test."

"Ay, it's well in words, but what would it prove in deeds? Here is a dealer in bees, who can teach you wisdom in a matter like this."

"Now for that matter, old trapper," said Paul, stretching his athletic form like a mastiff conscious of his strength, "I am on the side of the captain, and am clearly for a race against the fire, though it line me into a Teton wigwam. Here is Ellen, who will —"

"Of what use, of what use are your stout hearts, when the element of the Lord is to be conquered as well as human men? Look about you, friends; the wreath of smoke that is rising from the bottoms plainly says that there is no outlet from the spot, without crossing a belt of fire. Look for yourselves, my men; look for yourselves: if you can find a single opening, I will engage to follow."

The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their

desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon; the red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration and now flashing to another point as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and approaching danger.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "At such a time as this, and in such a manner!"

"The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

"This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here, and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner, without an effort?"

"It is time to be doing," said Leatherstocking, interrupting the reply of the beehunter; "it is time to leave off moanings and to be doing."

"You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man," cried Middleton; "the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

"Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be

nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come: 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered:

"Your gran'ther would have said that, when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass which still environed them

in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals roll among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smooty path, too lazy to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? your gran'ther had a tougher skin. We shall live to see — we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous, had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very

few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onwards.

The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made his egg stand on its end, though with feelings of gratitude instead of envy.

From *The Prairie.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. Deerslayer on His First War Path. 1. In what part of the United States is the story located? 2. On what lake? 3. Where is Deerslayer when this selection begins? 4. Explain his care in approaching the shore. 5. Who were the Hurons? 6. What happened when Deerslayer's canoe was about one hundred yards from the shore? 7. Why did he stagger and fall in his canoe? 8. Why did Deerslayer hesitate to shoot the Indian? 9. Describe the point of land on which the drifting canoe had stranded. 10. Describe the position of the two opponents after the first shot. 11. What did Deerslayer mean in saying "my gifts are white gifts"? 12. How did Deerslayer prove that the canoe did not belong to the Indian? 13. How did he dispose of the canoe? 14. What moral qualities did Deerslayer show in his actions? What qualities did the Indian show? 15. How did Deerslayer discover the Indian's treachery? 16. Describe the end of the combat. 17. How does Deerslayer pronounce Indian? creature? reptile? certain? words ending in -ing? 18. What mistakes does he make in grammar?

II. On the Trail. 1. Who are the persons mentioned in the first paragraph of the selection? 2. What shows that Hawkeye is older

than when we knew him as Deerslayer? 3. Locate the scene on your map. 4. What characteristics does Uncas show? 5. Quote passages to illustrate these. 6. What attitude does he show to his elders? 7. Explain what Uncas means by "the dark-hair has gone toward the frost." 8. Describe the place where the Indians had camped. 9. How had the Hurons concealed their trail? 10. How was their trick discovered? 11. What did Hawkeye learn from the impression of a moccasin? 12. How had the Hurons carried the girls? 13. What information did Hawkeye get from the footprints of the girls? of the singing master? 14. Describe the scene which Duncan Heyward saw. The strange Indian. 15. Why did Hawkeye laugh? 16. What did he mean by "Fire a whole platoon, Major"? 17. Explain how Heyward was deceived. 18. Who was Montcalm?

III. The Rifle Shooting. 1. Who were the contestants in the shooting match? 2. What was the result of shooting at the bull's eye? 3. Describe the appearance of Pathfinder. 4. When have you heard his silent laugh before? 5. Do you recall any incident in previous selections that showed his skill with a rifle? 6. What are some of "his gifts"? 7. What was the result of shooting at the nail? 8. Why did Jasper experience "an awful moment"? 9. Why did he wish to win the match? 10. For what reasons did Pathfinder wish to win? 11. What was the result of Jasper's shot at the potato? 12. Why did Pathfinder take unusual heed to his aim? 13. What was the result of the match? 14. What other stories of shooting contests do you recall?

IV. The Panther. 1. Where is the scene? 2. Compare the scene with that of "Deerslayer on His First War Path." 3. What differences about the lake? 4. How does Brave show that he deserves his name? 5. What qualities of character does Elizabeth Temple show? 6. Why didn't she try to escape? 7. How does Leatherstocking appear on the scene? 8. In what ways is he the same Natty Bumpo as in the preceding selection?

V. The Prairie Fire. 1. Where is the scene? 2. Who are the persons? 3. What sentences show that Leatherstocking is now an

old man? 4. For what did Inez mistake the fire? 5. What did Middleton propose to do? 6. What do you learn of his character? 7. What does Leatherstocking fear more than the fire? 8. What does he order his companion to do? 9. How does he rebuke Middleton? 10. How does Leatherstocking cheat the fire? 11. What is the story of Columbus and the egg? 12. What difference do you notice in the Leatherstocking of this and of the earlier selections? 13. Why do you suppose he has gone so far west? 14. What changes in the United States had he seen in his lifetime? 15. What traits had he shown from youth to old age?

Topics for Oral and Written Composition. 1. The Character of Leatherstocking. 2. Cooper's Indians. 3. Life on the Frontier. 4. The Rifle on the Frontier. 5. The French and Indian Wars. 6. The Conquest of the Continent. 7. Traveling in the Forest. 8. Women's Work on the Frontier.

For Study with the Glossary: I. readiness of resources, precipitously, inopportunely, the priming of his piece, warily, expedients, projection, with conceit and intelligence, apprehension, consummate, Manitou (the Indian name for God), Moravians (missionaries of that religious sect), imminent jeopardy, to cock and poise his rifle, concussions.

II. demeanor, reserved mien, acclivity, feasible, fain, Narragansetts (a breed of horses), housings, Ty (Ticonderoga), turbid, alluvium, mammoth, mastodon, pigeon-winging, fabricate, elucidate, humors, nether garment.

III. comported, sinewy, King George's commission (*i.e.*, as officer in the British army), stomach (pride, inclination), category, calash.

IV. extremity, respiration, manifestations of anger, pampered, vestige, inanimate, her fancy conjured.

V. Sioux (Sōō), circumvented, equivocal, coruscations of the North, salamander, anan, fog (dry standing grass).

COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The first American novels to find readers across the ocean were those of Cooper. When Cooper began to write, Sir Walter Scott had already written some of the Waverley novels and had charmed the world by those stories that mingle love and adventure with past times and historical scenes and persons. Cooper also wrote historical romances, but he opened new realms of romantic adventure, not of past days but of the new world. He took his readers on ships and sailed the seas or he took them into the American forests and showed the red men struggling in vain against the whites. His novels were translated into every European and into several Asiatic languages. Many a boy in Russia or Greece has had his interest in America first aroused as he followed the trail of Leatherstocking and Chingachgook. Cooper's boyhood and youth gave him an excellent preparative for writing tales of sea and forest. He was born in 1789 at Burlington, New Jersey, and the family soon moved to Cooperstown, on the banks of Lake Otsego in central New York. This is the village described in *The Pioneers*, which had just been built in the forest wilderness, and here his boyhood was spent. There were still living in the forest about the village old Indians and hunters, who, like Leatherstocking, felt that the advancing settlements were spoiling their game preserves. From these the boy had a chance to hear many stories of the wars between red men and

white and to learn much of the craft of trapper and scout. At the age of fourteen, Cooper entered Yale College, where he remained three years. Then for five years he served in the navy and gathered the knowledge which aided him in writing his stories of fight and chase on sea.

His first novel, *Precaution*, was written in 1820. It was a story of life in English society, a thing about which Cooper knew nothing. Nobody reads the book now. This story was followed in the next year by *The Spy*, a story of the Revolutionary War. Its subject, and the life with which he told the story made it enormously successful. In 1823 came *The Pioneers*, the first of the Leatherstocking novels, and *The Pilot*, the first of the sea tales, with John Paul Jones as the hero. We have already made the acquaintance of the four other Leatherstocking stories, *Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1827), *The Pathfinder* (1840), and *Deerslayer* (1841). Among the best of his sea tales are *The Two Admirals* and *Red Rover*. Cooper lived abroad for a time and on his return to the United States became involved in political quarrels and other controversies. One of his writings that involved him in a long and bitter quarrel was a *History of the Navy of the United States*. He had not given credit for the victory in Lake Erie to the men to whom some people thought it ought to be given; and, though he was right in his facts, he allowed himself to be drawn into another wrangle over this matter. Altogether, he seems to have been more vigorous than peaceful. In addition to many other books, he wrote thirty-three novels before his death in 1851.

Cooper is not a great creator of men and women, and

his plots are often faulty in construction; but his genius is its best in incidents such as those set forth in our Selections. He does something more than to excite us with the stir of action and adventure; he makes us feel the beauty and poetry of sea and forest. Life on the frontier in colonial days was full of action and it called forth fine virtues and ugly faults in both red men and whites. Both had many chances to be either cruel or generous, either treacherous or noble, and all had to be courageous in order to exist. Strife between the Indians and whites no longer exists, and there is now no frontier in the United States between civilization and the wilderness. Cooper tells of a life that has gone, with its heroisms and its weaknesses. If his stories thrill boys in foreign lands with their adventures and excitement, they should have an added interest for the American boy because they tell one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of his country.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What suggested the story of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor"? 2. Whom does Longfellow suppose the man to have been? 3. What difficulties did Columbus have on his first voyage westward? 4. What signs of land kept him in hope? 5. Tell some of the traits and customs of the Indians of Virginia. 6. Who was Philip of Pokanoket? What became of him? 7. In what actions have you seen Leatherstocking? 8. Which of these inventions is most interesting to you? 9. Which parts of these stories of Cooper seem most unreal? 10. What other books dealing with frontier life or with the Indians do you know?

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I. MILES STANDISH AND JOHN ALDEN

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed
of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our
weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the
stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal
hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to
others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your
inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his
matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the
sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer
planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the
purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there.
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,

Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling
his phrases:
"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the
dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that
if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is
Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other aban-
doned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most
part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a
soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
"If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

II. THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time;
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England, —
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —
Had no time for such things; — such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;

Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

At this point the story goes on to tell of John Alden's trouble, between love for Priscilla and friendship for Miles Standish, who thinks that John has betrayed him. A war now breaks out with the Indians, and Captain Standish goes to fight them. A false report comes that he is killed. So John Alden, though grieving for his friend, feels free to marry Priscilla.

III. THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and, moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,

Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to the new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HELPS TO STUDY

This sketch is only about a third of the delightful poem from which it is taken. After Priscilla's surprising hint, John Alden rushes out into the forest, perplexed as to the claims of love and duty. For he thinks himself in duty bound to be loyal to his friend Miles Standish. When he tells the Captain of the result of his errand, the Captain is very angry and accuses him of bad faith. Poor John Alden is so upset over the whole affair, that he decides to sail back to England on the *Mayflower*, which is to depart next day. But down at the shore he sees Priscilla again, and she seems so lonely that he cannot leave her. She frankly asks that their old relation of simple friendship be kept as it was before, and that he forget her unmaidenly remark. Of course John Alden cannot forget it; but he is glad of an excuse to stay where she is.

A war now breaks out with the Indians, and Captain Miles Standish with his valiant little army of eight soldiers sets out to fight them. On the march he thinks over what has happened, and begins to see it differently:

> "I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
> What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
> Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
> 'Twas but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!
> What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
> Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
> Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"

The white men defeat the Indians, but a report comes to the Colony that the Captain has been killed. John Alden, though the death of his friend grieves him, now feels that he can in honor marry Priscilla. What happens at the wedding is told in the selection here given.

I. The "primitive dwelling" of Miles Standish was, like the others of the Colony, a log hut with the cracks filled in with mortar, and the roof covered with thatch. 1. How is the Captain's room furnished? 2. What is he like? What is John Alden like? The "Not Angles, but Angels" is a remark made by Pope Gregory when he first saw some Anglo-Saxons, brought from England. 3. What does Miles Standish

most like to talk about? 4. What books has he? Which one does he take down to read? 5. What reference is there to the sufferings of the Colonists? 6. What is John Alden doing? 7. What does the Captain ask him to do? 8. How does he like the task? 9. Why will the Captain not do it himself?

II. 1. What time of the year is it? 2. What offering does John Alden take to Priscilla? 3. What do they talk about at first? 4. How does he deliver the Captain's message? 5. How does she receive it? 6. Why does she resent it? 7. How does he plead his friend's cause? What does he say in defense of him and in praise of him? 8. What does all this wasted eloquence lead her to say?

III. Between this part and what has gone before there is the story of John Alden's trouble about how he should act, of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, of the Captain's expedition against the Indians and the false report of his death, and of John Alden's now really "speaking for himself." You should get the poem from the library or at home, and read the whole of it.

1. How is the sun described? 2. What time of year is it now? 3. The "Wedding of Ruth": where would you find this? 4. Who appears just at the end of the ceremony? 5. What do they all think at first? 6. How does the Captain now act? Do you like him better? 7. What does he mean by "gathering cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas"? 8. Describe the final scene of the wedding, the procession to their new home.

For Study with the Glossary: I. Doublet and hose, Cordovan, cutlass, corselet, sword of Damascus, Arabic, azure-eyed, arcabucero, Flemish morasses, arsenal, inkhorn, Commentaries of Cæsar, belligerent, epistles, treacherous, ponderous, reluctant.

II. Tranquil, verdure, exhalation, phantom, mayflower, Luther, carded wool, abashed, embellish, avowal, pedigree, family arms, argent, wattled gules, placable.

III. Highpriest, resplendent, pomegranates, sanction, laudable, benedictions, sombre, betrothal, atoning, adage, transfigured distaff, abyss.

THE GRAY CHAMPION

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of

which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were

the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"We are to be massacred, man and male child!" cried others.

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possession himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare

of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public

eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High-Churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty, — a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man,

who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories, — that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command, the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand,

rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen, — to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his

saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended, — to-morrow, the prison! — back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King Street, and

the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion

come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HELPS TO STUDY

"The Gray Champion" is the first story in Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, a collection of short stories and sketches, many of which treat of life in New England in the early days. The scene of this story is King Street, Boston, in 1689, at the end of the reign of James II of England. In his short reign of three years this king had shown himself narrow-minded, treacherous, and an enemy to liberty both in England and the colonies. Sir Edmund Andros, whom James had appointed as Governor of the New England colonies and New York, was bitterly hated because of his tyranny and his overbearing manner. The colonists had come to America to escape that kind of rulers. At the time the story opens, April, 1689, James had already abdicated, that is, had been forced to give up his power, and had fled to France. This was in December, 1688, but the news of it had not as yet reached Boston; they had heard only that William of Orange was heading a revolution against King James in England, which gave them courage to defy his governor and the soldiers.

1. What grievances had the colonists against Sir Edmund Andros? 2. Why had they not openly rebelled? 3. When Hawthorne speaks of the freedom in Great Britain itself, remember that this was written about 1831, and does not refer to things as they are to-day. 4. Why did the Governor make this parade of his troops and his staff? 5. How did the people of Boston regard it? 6. What are we told of the appearance and behavior of the people? 7. The "encounter," "nearly a century afterwards," in the same place, refers to the Boston massacre. What do you know about that event? 8. "Old soldiers of the Parliament" means the soldiers who fought in the revolution in England in

1642, against Charles I, father of James II. The "house of Stuart" was the family to which these kings belonged. 9. Tell what you know of King Philip's War. 10. In the old New England Primer there was a picture of John Rogers being burned at the stake for his religious faith. 11. The reference to "the old charter" is to the guarantee of rights in governing themselves which the colonists originally had, and which had been taken away from them. 12. Governor Bradstreet had come over with the first settlers of Boston, fifty years before, and had been elected by the people many times as their governor. How did the people regard him? How did he advise them? 13. Note the scene given here: the crowd, the soldiers advancing in the dusk, the fires ready to discharge their guns, and the gaily dressed, scornful Governor and his staff of officials. 14. Look up "matchlock" in the dictionary, and find how these guns were fired. 15. Which person in the procession did the people hate most? Why? 16. At what moment does the Gray Champion enter? What is his appearance? 17. What does he do and say? What is the effect upon the British? Upon the colonists? 18. Who was the Gray Champion? It is known that some of the Englishmen who pronounced sentence of death upon King Charles I, in 1646, fled to New England when his son, Charles II, became king in 1660. Could the Gray Champion have been one of these men? 19. Where is it hinted that he was an apparition, a spirit? 20. When did he appear again among the New Englanders? 21. What does Hawthorne say he represents?

Phrases: Restrictions on the press, regulation of the freedom to print news; mercenary troops, hired soldiers; apostolic dignity, the dignity of one who bears a message from God.

For Study with the Glossary. Bigoted, concurrence, disaffection, allegiance, extinct, sanctity, martyrdom, prelacy, abominations, ejaculation, benediction, vestments, decrepitude, truncheon, dotard, lurid.

Proper Names. Charles the Voluptuous (Charles II), Old Noll (Oliver Cromwell), Stern Court of Justice (the men who executed Charles I).

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

It was this speech made at Richmond, 1775, that led to the passing of Patrick Henry's resolution to put Virginia into a state of defense.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our

waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and

insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is

not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Song of the siren, etc. The Sirens were sea-nymphs that by their songs lured sailors to destruction on the rocks. The goddess Circe lured the followers of Ulysses to her palace and transformed them into beasts. 2. What means have the colonists tried to have their wrongs righted? With what success? 3. What new danger is now threatening them? 4. What course does Patrick Henry advise? With what reasons does he support it? 5. What parts of this speech have you heard before?

Phrases. Having eyes, see not, etc. Betrayed with a kiss. Why stand ye here idle? These expressions are from the New Testament.

For Study with the Glossary. Arduous, insidious, subjugation, supplication, interposition, inviolate, invincible, election, extenuate.

DEFENSE OF AMERICAN RIGHTS

America, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force; considering force not only as an odious, but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, Sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover, but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own, because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; and still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add, that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our indulgence was more tolerable than our attempt to use force.

These, Sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce — I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of

magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty can subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles.

For that service — for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire — my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonists always keep the idea of their civil rights

associated with your government, — they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone — the cohesion is loosened — and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere — it is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. These things do not make your government. It is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds,

unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

From Edmund Burke's *Speech on Conciliation.*

HELPS TO STUDY

The foregoing selection is made up of extracts from Burke's famous speech on *Conciliation with America,* a speech which you will probably read entire in your high school course. It was delivered in the English Parliament in 1775. It expressed the attitude on liberty and political rights then held by the majority of Englishmen, who were in favor of fair dealing with the Colonies. But King George III, his ministers, and the majority in the Parliament refused to accept Burke's views, and the Revolutionary War was the result. Our quarrel was not with the English people, but with a king who was hostile to ideas of liberty that were dear to the English people; and the Americans were demanding rights which they felt were theirs, because they too were English people.

1. What is the important idea in the first paragraph? 2. How many objections does Burke offer against the use of force? 3. Explain the phrase *whole America.* See the sentences before and after this phrase. 4. What qualities in the American people make the use of force seem unwise? 5. What would he use instead of force? 6. Where does he say that English and American ideas of liberty are the same? 7. On what point are both Englishmen and Americans particularly sensitive? 8. What spirit did he wish kept between the Colonies and the mother country? 9. Where has this spirit been shown in our own time? 10. What countries does he instance as examples of tyranny?

Phrases: In the gross, total, altogether; ancient parchments, old laws on parchment, a skin made smooth for writing upon.

For Study with the Glossary. Complexions, predilection, depreciated, ardent, untractable, chicane, criterion, oracle, inculcate, cohesion.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

O thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought —
Who sprang from English blood!

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine. — The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

As an expression of what an English poet, — English to the core in his character, — thought of the Revolution, this poem should be interesting to American boys and girls. Written in 1832, just fifty years after the Revolution, it expresses the same opinion of the Colonists and their rights as Burke expressed in his famous speech on *Conciliation*.

The "thou" addressed in the poem is England. The "deep chord which Hampden smote" refers to the refusal by Hampden to pay an unjust ship tax, assessed by Charles I. This was about 1640, nearly two hundred years before the time in which Tennyson is writing. It was shortly after the Puritans had come to New England in order that they might be free to live their own lives in their own way; and fifty years before the Englishmen themselves drove out their king, James II, for interfering with their liberties as English subjects. The Englishman's fight for fuller and broader rights within his own country has gone steadily on from that day to this, until England has become one of the most democratic nations of the world. And the changes towards greater freedom and more liberal justice are still going on in the British Empire. In this respect the spirit of England and America are the same. It is the spirit of English speaking peoples everywhere; — in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand.

For Study with the Glossary: Wrenched, noble heat, liberal joy, harmonies of law.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The connection between taxes and liberty. 2. The great mistake of George III. 3. How the English people are governed to-day. 4. How we protect ourselves from tyranny in our governments.

TO LAFAYETTE AT BUNKER HILL

In 1824–1825, Lafayette, then an old man, made a tour of the United States, and was a guest of honor at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. These words were addressed directly to him by Webster, in the course of his famous oration.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man!—with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in

your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott, defended to the last extremity by his lion-hearted valor, and within which the corner stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *Serus in cœlum redeas.* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, oh, very far distant be the day when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

From DANIEL WEBSTER'S *First Bunker Hill Oration.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This personal tribute to Lafayette has a special interest for us to-day since France and America are again allies in defense of the right.

1. What does Webster say is the purpose of the gathering where he is speaking? 2. "The electric spark of liberty" . . . "from the New World to the Old." The French people were inspired to fight for their own liberty partly through the success of our Revolution. 3. "To Washington, to Greene, etc." These are American generals of the Revolution. The Lincoln of this list is, of course, not the great Lincoln of a later time. 4. "*Serus in coelum redeas*": Late may you return to heaven; that is, May your life be long.

For Study with the Glossary: Eulogy, solemnity, invoke.

TO A SOLDIER FROM FRANCE

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling: "O more than my brother! how shall I thank
thee for all?
Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and
line;
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong
not thine.
Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong
for the rest."

From *A Court Lady* by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was one of the greatest lawyers and statesmen of America and one of the great orators of the world. He was born in New Hampshire, in pioneer days, of the rugged type of people who managed by hard work and economy to squeeze a living out of that poor soil and unfriendly climate. He worked on the farm, and went to the little country school. His mental ability was so evident, even as a boy, that his family decided to give him a college education, though for them it meant great sacrifices. He went to Dartmouth College, in his native state, and while there became known for his superior ability and his power of speaking effectively. After graduating, he took up the study of law; then taught for a time to help his brother through college; then completed his reading and was admitted to the practice of the law.

From the beginning of his career as a lawyer, he showed unusual power and legal knowledge and great influence over the juries. In those days the law was a sort of natural gateway into politics and public life, and in 1813 Webster was elected to Congress as a Representative of his state. From this time he rose rapidly in fame, both as lawyer, orator, and statesman, and soon became one of the most prominent men in the country. The list of his honors is long: Congressman from 1813 to 1817, and from 1823 to 1827; senator from 1827 to 1841, and from 1845 to 1850; secretary of state from 1841 to 1843, and from 1850 to 1852.

As a speaker, whether in the court room, in the halls of Congress, or on the public platform, he had extraordinary power: his commanding presence, deep-set, flashing dark eyes in a head of magnificent proportions, deep and powerful voice, and tall and dignified figure gave additional weight to his clear and forceful way of saying things. He was the sort of speaker who could, apparently without effort, compel the attention of his audiences and hold them as long as he wished. His most famous speeches are his Reply to Hayne, the argument in the Dartmouth College case, the two Bunker Hill Addresses, the Speech at Plymouth in 1820, and the address on the deaths of Adams and Jefferson.

LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK

In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife.

The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which was curiously wrought, — sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head, — and daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was often worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, — insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, "like unto ducks."

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment, except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of

leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, — which was curiously stroked with a broom into angles and curves and rhomboids, — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreens in the fireplace, the windows were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, — nay, even the very cat and dog, — enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, for hours together; the good wife, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings.

The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth,

for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, and bloody encounters among Indians.

In these happy days, fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse;* that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.

The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company seated round the genial board, evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, — in much the same manner that sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat and called doughnuts or olykoeks, a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fancies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a

huge copper teakettle. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend, by a string from the ceiling, a large lump directly over the tea table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties, the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed, — no flirting nor coquetting; no romping of young ladies; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all.

On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah, Mynheer*, or *yah, yah, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully leaping from the whale's mouth, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

From WASHINGTON IRVING'S "*History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker.*"

HELPS TO STUDY

Irving's humorous history of old New York, then called New Amsterdam, pretended to be written by a quaint little Dutchman, of great learning but not quite sound in his mind. There are many chapters of it that you would enjoy reading.

1. How was the front, or "best," part of old Dutch houses kept? Where did the family live? 2. Describe the fireplace and the family gathered about it? 3. What did they do at their tea-parties? What refreshments did they serve? 4. How were young people expected to behave? Are young people as modest nowadays?

Yah = yes; *Mynheer* = Sir; *Vrouw* = Madam; olykoek (pronounced ō′-lē-kook), a kind of doughnut. Haman is in the story of *Esther*, and Tobit in the *Apocrypha* in the story of *Tobit*, and Jonah, of course, in the story of that name.

Phrases: Sanctum sanctorum, the most sacred place of all; community of privilege, sharing all rights equally.

For Study with the Glossary: Inundation, amphibious, rhomboids, crone, *noblesse*, harpoon, olykoeks, adroitness, replenishing, primitive, divertisements, demurely.

BIOGRAPHY OF IRVING

Washington Irving was the first of our great writers. His lovable character and the grace and humor of his writings won the affection of England as well as of America. He was born in New York City in 1783. When a very little fellow, he was patted on the head by Washington. He grew up to be a handsome young man with unusually attractive manners and a keen sense of fun. His first important book was the *Knickerbocker History of New York*, which gives

in an amusing way the history, mostly invented, of the Dutch governors and people of New York.

When Irving was thirty-two he went to England. He was there eleven years, trying to straighten out the business of his bankrupt brother, and when he did not succeed, setting himself to work with his pen. All the time he was also enjoying English society. He visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford and had a gay time in Paris with Tom Hood, an English poet. His *Sketch Book*, written under the name of Geoffrey Crayon, won immediate success. Two short stories in it, about Dutch life near New York, set every one to laughing. One was "Rip Van Winkle"; the other was "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Many of the sketches show a loving appreciation of the beautiful old customs of England such as America was too young to possess.

Later Irving went to Spain, where he was so delighted with the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra that he wrote a sort of "Spanish Sketch Book" entitled *Tales of the Alhambra*. He also wrote his *Life of Columbus* in Spain.

When Irving came back to America after seventeen years' absence, he bought Sunnyside near Sleepy Hollow, at Tarrytown, New York, and with two of his brothers settled down to the happy life of a country gentleman. Except for the interruption of four years as Minister to Spain, he spent the rest of his life at Sunnyside, and there, cared for by his nieces, he died in 1859, mourned by many friends. His last important book was a life of Washington.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PRAISE OF IRVING

Irving was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own?) His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the

friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of world-wide reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that

untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told — I saw two of these ladies at his house — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear!*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter

language: the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an examplar of goodness, probity and pure life. I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

HELPS TO STUDY

Thackeray, who wrote this fine tribute to Irving as man and author, had himself much of the gentleness and charm that he speaks of in Irving. He had made two highly successful lecturing tours in the United States, in 1852–3 and in 1854–5, and was much interested in American life and literature. The article from which this selection is taken was written in 1859, just after Irving's death. The reference to him as "the first ambassador" does not mean as ambassador of the state, but of the world of letters; that is, he was the first American author in England. He was, however, for a time, secretary to the embassy in Spain, and in England, and later was appointed ambassador to Spain. The reference to the *pater patriæ*, father of his country, is to Washington, and the incident mentioned occurred when Irving was a child of six.

1. How does Thackeray say Irving impressed the English people? 2. How did he affect the relations between his country and England? 3. What distinguished Englishmen especially liked him? 4. What honor did the English confer upon him? 5. Where was he when he wrote the book that made him famous? What was this book? 6. How was he

received when he returned to America? 7. How did he act under these attentions? 8. What does Thackeray say of party spirit in this country? 9. Where did Irving live on his return here? 10. What is told of his life, and of his family circle? 11. The "veteran Chief of Letters" was Sir Walter Scott. What did he write? 12. With what wish does this selection end?

For Study with the Glossary: Ambassador, artless, disseminate, rancor, arrogance, rapacious, callous, tradition, solicitous, critic, intrigued, notoriously, condole, bemoan, paragraph-mongers, obsequious, contemporary, mercantile, probity.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Irving's life. 2. Thackeray's opinion of Irving. 3. Irving in England. 4. Other popular writers of whom you know.

Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," also praises the charm and gentleness of Irving:

> "What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
> You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
> And the gravest sweet humor that ever were there
> Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
> Nay, don't be embarrassed, and look so beseeching," —

here Lowell goes on to say that he will not embarrass Irving by comparing him to the great Cervantes, and ends by calling him

> "A choice nature, not wholly deserving
> A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving."

ICHABOD CRANE

I. THE PARTY

Near Tarrytown on the Hudson is a little valley known as Sleepy Hollow, which was supposed to be haunted by a headless horseman who rode like the wind through the valley, hurrying back to the churchyard before daybreak. Ichabod Crane was a Yankee from Connecticut who kept school in the Hollow and was courting a pretty Dutch girl at Tarrytown. He was a singing master as well as schoolmaster, and his voice, so it was said, could be heard a mile away. His rival in love was nicknamed Brom Bones. Brom is short for Abraham, and he was called Bones because he was so large and strong, and fond of adventure. The story tells how Brom Bones manages to get rid of Ichabod.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, pop-guns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was

suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed his only, suit of rusty black, arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a wee neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. He must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. Old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into

baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive; and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country.

Brom Bones was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of white and red; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds were known only to experienced Dutch

housewives. There was the doughty doughnut, the tender olykoek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes, and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And there were apple pies, and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef, and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst. Ichabod Crane did ample justice to every dainty.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple was to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him

was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously, while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sage folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. The chief part of the stories turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper: that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains; and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success.

What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Let it suffice to say Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping.

II. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was dismal. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-

frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree — he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed

by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now be-

stowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a man of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of

old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horrorstruck on perceiving that he was headless! — but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip — but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place

where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the

water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Bones and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who went down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly

knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. THE PARTY. 1. Decribe Ichabod's schoolroom. 2. How was the calm interrupted? 3. How did school come to an end that day? 4. Describe Ichabod's preparations for the party. 5. Describe his horse. 6. How did Ichabod look on horseback? 7. What did he think of as he jogged along to the home of Katrina Van Tassel? 8. If he loved her, what should he have been thinking of?

9. Tell all you can about the party: the host, the supper, the music, the dancing, the ghost stories. 10. When did Ichabod most enjoy himself? What is meant by his vocal powers? 11. Describe Brom Bones. When did he become very unhappy? 12. How did he take his revenge? 13. Describe the breaking up of the party. 14. How did Ichabod act when he went away? 15. What do you think was the reason for his hard treatment of Gunpowder?

II. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN. 1. What did Ichabod see and hear as he rode off? 2. What reasons had he for feeling dismal? 3. Tell all you can about André's tree. Did Ichabod meet any danger there? 4. What was the next place that he dreaded? 5. Describe the conduct of his horse. 6. Tell fully the story of the headless horseman and Ichabod. 7. How did Ichabod try to cheer himself up? 8. Was the headless horseman a ghost or a living person?

9. Why was there no school the next day? 10. Where was Gunpowder found? 11. What traces of Ichabod were discovered? 12. Why is a shattered pumpkin mentioned? 13. What did people think had happened to Ichabod? 14. What had really happened?

15. Who used to laugh when the pumpkin was mentioned? Why? 16. Explain in what ways Ichabod's mind was as ridiculous as his body.

Proper Names: Ichabod (Ik'a bod), Mynheer (Mīn hār), Mister; St. Vitus, St. Vitus's dance, a disease that shows in nervous twitching; Cotton Măther, a Puritan minister of the seventeenth century who collected and told many tales of witchcraft; Katrina (Kă trē'na); Tappan Zee (Zā), a wide bay in the Hudson River.

Phrases: Cap of Mercury, the cap that made the god Mercury invisible; oppressive opulence, too much wealth; witching time of night, midnight, when the witches and ghosts are stirring.

For Study with the Glossary. I. pensive, literary realm, sundry, contraband, prohibited, rampant, appalling, impunity, emancipation, furbishing, domiciliated, choleric, knight-errant, mettle, filly, shambled, apparition, culinary, coverts, treacle, Herr, fain, enraptured, bevy, delectable, higgledy-piggledy, dilated, itinerant, orchestra, fiber, patron, brooding, legendary, patrolling, tethered, arrant jockey, Hessian, revel, pillions, swains, tête-à-tête, suffice, gloated.

II. crestfallen, guttural, landmark, ill-starred, scathed, cavernous, identical, perverse, lateral, starveling, plashy, pedagogue, inflexible, fervor, molestation, sociability, aloof, cleave, pertinacious, lank, asunder, competitor, convulsive, resounding, cranium, speculation, budget, quarters, electioneered.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The old schoolroom. 2. Ichabod and his appetite. 3. The comforts of an old Dutch farmhouse. 4. The ride in the dark. 5. Imagine Ichabod's later career.

RIP VAN WINKLE

I

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small, yellow

bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The

children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. (In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.)

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm. It was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong, and would go

wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do: so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins; which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders,

shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell; his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy, summer's day, talking listlessly over

village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, — a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break

in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging

bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the

singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, and several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets; others, jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes. The face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed,

statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

II

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep, — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain: the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no trace of

such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passed away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun, he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he

recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows: everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. He began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He loked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of

citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was a Federal or a Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, — with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane; his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, — demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject to the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory, a Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed

a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand, — war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh,

to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself: I'm somebody else. That's me yonder. No, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night: but I fell asleep on the mountain; and they've changed my gun; and everything's changed; and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she. "Hush, you little fool! The old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he, — "young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-impor-

tant man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for

a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor, — how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician, — the changes of states and empire made but little impression on him, — but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was, petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame

Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

HELPS TO STUDY

This legend of the long sleep has been found in many parts of the world. The Dutch of New York, among whom Irving heard it, had probably brought it with them from the Old World. To make the sleeper a good-natured village loafer was of course Irving's own idea. About fifty years ago, a great actor, Joseph Jefferson, made a play of this story, changing it somewhat, and this play was so popular for so long a time that many people cannot think of Rip without recalling the voice, figure,

and manner that Jefferson gave to the part. If your school or town library contains Jefferson's Autobiography, get it and read it. You will find it full of interesting things about Rip and other matters.

I. 1. Where was Rip's home? 2. By whom had the village been built? What were the houses like? 3. What sort of man was Rip? 4. How did he spend his time? 5. What was the condition of his farm? 6. In what standing was he with his neighbors, with the children of the village? 7. What did his wife think of him? What was she like? 8. Who was Rip's most constant companion?

9. Why did he use to go to the mountains? 10. Describe the scene where he stopped to rest. 11. Describe the stranger who asked for help in carrying the cask up the mountain. 12. What sounds does he hear on the way up? 13. What does he see when they arrive? 14. What seems to indicate that there is something strange and unnatural about them? 15. How did Rip like the contents of the cask? What effect did it have upon him?

II. 1. What time of day and of the year was it when Rip awoke? 2. What is the first thought that comes to his mind? The second? 3. What has become of his gun? Of his dog? 4. Why does he rather dread going home? 5. What changes does he first notice in the village? 6. How is he received there? 7. When does he first notice any change in himself? 8. What does he think is the cause of his confusion of mind?

9. In what state does he find his house? 10. What has happened to the inn? 11. What change has been made in the sign over the inn? Why? 12. What important thing is going on in the village? 13. What strange words and strange questions does he hear? 14. What is his son like? 15. Whom does Rip first recognize? 16. Who first identifies him as Rip Van Winkle? Who else knows him? 17. What has become of his wife? 18. How is the rest of Rip's life spent? 19. What explanation is given as to the strange people Rip had met in the mountains? 20. What vain regret did Rip's experience cause in the minds of other hen-pecked husbands?

Proper Names: Catskill, Appalachian, Stuyvesant (Stī'vesant), Christina (Kris tē'na), Van Schaick (Skoik), Hollands (a colorless liquor, also called gin), Flemish, Stony Point, Hendrick Hudson, Anthony's Nose (a steep high rock along the Hudson River).

Phrases: I. Magical hues, wonderful colors; amiable sex, the women; patrimonial estate, property inherited from one's father.

II. Drowsy tranquillity, sleepy and heavy quiet; Babylonish jargon, strange and unintelligible talk; petticoat government, control by the women.

For Study with the Glossary: I. Barometer, descry, lattice, chivalrous, obsequious, termagant, impunity, insuperable, assiduity, pestilent, galligaskins, volley, precipitation, perpetual, rubicund, junto, vehemently, tranquillity, august, virago, wallet, reciprocate, herbage, impending, jerkin, ravine, transient, amphitheater, hanger, flagon, beverage, reiterate.

II. Knoll, roysters, perplexities, invariably, connubial, metamorphosed, disputations, phlegm, harangue, uncouth, akimbo, austere, culprit, counterpart, identity, corroborate, vigil, ditto, evince, hereditary, torpor, flighty.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What sad and what pleasant things about the early New England life did you find in "The Courtship of Miles Standish"? 2. What was "The Gray Champion"? 3. Where and when was Patrick Henry's famous speech made? 4. What plea for justice did Burke make? 5. What did Thackeray think of Irving? 6. Where did Irving get the stories of Ichabod and Rip? 7. Which of the two do you prefer? Why?

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Rip's family. 2. Rip's amusements. 3. The scene in the mountains. 4. The later story of the dog Wolf. 5. Rip's return to the village.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

On their wedding journey in 1843 the Longfellows went to see the Arsenal at Springfield, Mass. While there Mrs. Longfellow noticed how the ranged and shining gun-barrels resembled the pipes of a church organ, and spoke of the mournful music that Death would bring from them. This fancy was the origin of the poem.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is the fancy that suggested to Longfellow the idea of this poem? 2. What kind of music does he, in his imagination, hear the organ bring forth? 3. What is meant by the death-angel, line 6? 4. Show how his memory calls up the scenes and sounds of wars in many lands. 5. Does he see glory in war, or cruelty and suffering? 6. By what means does he think war might be made to end? Quote the lines that express this idea.

Proper Names: Miserere (Miz e rē're), a hymn of grief; the word means *Pity us.* Cimbric, a name applied to the Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain before they were invaded by the Saxons. Aztec, the name of the original people of Mexico. Cain, the first murderer, according to the story in Genesis.

For Study with the Glossary: Burnished, anthem, symphonies, reverberation, teocallis, diapason, celestial.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Plans for world peace. 2. The destructiveness of war. 3. How can education make for peace?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

The chambered nautilus, called also the "pearly nautilus," is a shellfish, found in the sea, which enlarges its shell by building to it new and larger portions when it has outgrown the old. This habit suggests to the poet the lesson that we, too, should grow into larger and nobler things as the years go on.

1. In the first stanza Holmes refers to the old belief that the nautilus extended its winglike arms as sails. 2. What does the form of the nautilus seem to be? What beautiful colors has it? How does it move? 3. In the third stanza the poet tells how the shell is built. 4. Triton is a Greek name for Neptune, god of the sea. Holmes is quoting from a famous line by Wordsworth: "Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

For Study with the Glossary: Siren, irised, crypt, lustrous, forlorn.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What kind of poverty would a man be a "coward slave" to be ashamed of? 2. What does stanza 2 add to the thought of stanza 1? 3. What type of man is presented in stanza 3? What shows the poet's contempt for him? 4. What condition does the last stanza pray for? 5. Do you think the world would be better if this condition prevailed? 6. What are some of the changes that such a condition would bring about?

Glossary (for this poem): a' = all; gowd = gold; hamely = homely; hodden-grey = coarse woolen cloth; gie = give; sae = so; birkie = fellow; ca'd = called; wha = who; coof = blockhead; mak = make; aboon = above; guid = good; mauna fa' = must not undertake; bear the gree = come out ahead; warld = world.

BURNS

ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns (1759–1796) was born in a humble farmer's cottage in Ayrshire, Scotland. His boyhood was one of toil, hardship, and poverty, and almost no schooling. What he learned he got from the quick intelligence with which he noted the life around him, and from a very few books that he read over and over. The hardships and mental starvation of his early life made him feel deeply the injustice in the lives of the poor, and rebel bitterly at the superior airs of the rich. It is said — though it is not certain — that the poem "For A' That" was written under the following circumstances: (A certain laird had invited Burns to meet some of his friends, and had kept Burns waiting in the kitchen until the guests arrived. Burns, resenting the insult, wrote the poem there.)

Burns and his brother tried their hand at farming; but nothing went well, for Scotland is a land of poor soil and harsh climate.

His first volume of poems, in 1786, was immediately received with great enthusiasm, read and quoted all over Scotland. Burns found himself famous. He was invited down to Edinburgh, and there was entertained by the most eminent men of the city. Among those who saw him there was Walter Scott, then a mere boy, who remembered that Burns, simple countryman as he was, carried himself with such dignity and showed such great mental powers that he shone even in the most distinguished company. To help him, and to give him freedom for writing, his friends had him appointed as an exciseman, or collector of internal revenue for the government. This position he held during most of his short life.

No poet has been more loved by the common people of his own land. His very name will stir almost any Scotchman. He is the poet of the humble; he voices their feelings and their cause, and as in "For A' That," in the dialect of the humble folk. This poem expresses well the best spirit of democracy not only in Scotland but also in America.

Among his best-known poems are "To a Mouse," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Twa Dogs," "Tam O'Shanter," "Bonnie Doon," "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." You should read these and others.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

(SCENE. — *The corner of two principal streets. The* TOWN PUMP *talking through its nose.*)

Noon, by the North clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest

corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam, — better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the

fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir, — no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter;

but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, — whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards — at least,

the pretty maidens did — in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, — and then another, and still another, — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical

diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind. No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me, — if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class — of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war — the drunkenness of nations — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife,

drinking deep of peaceful joy, — a calm bliss of temperate affections, — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine — and true friends, I know, they are — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it

decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be not otherwise exemplified, than by plunging slapdash into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage, — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives, — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HELPS TO STUDY

The Town Pump, or the watering trough of stone or iron, is still a familiar and pleasing sight in the "common" (or central square) of most New England villages. Hawthorne must often have seen one.

This playful sketch, in praise of the virtues of cold water, was written

about 1832, when the temperance movement had just begun. Hence Hawthorne's frequent references to strong drink, and to the occasional overearnestness of the prohibitionists or "teetotallers." A hundred years ago Jamaica rum and hard cider were used in almost every household. It was deemed a proper form of hospitality to offer even the minister a drink when he called, — and he usually accepted. It is interesting to compare our attitude on these matters to-day.

Of course Hawthorne was not writing this sketch mainly as a temperance lecture. He was thinking of the Town Pump as an interesting and picturesque figure in the town life; of the pleasure it gave to man and beast; of its usefulness in many ways; in brief, of the blessing to all that the simple, familiar, everyday gift of cold water is.

Could you write a composition in which you call attention to the blessings of fire, or shelter, or a piece of clothing?

1. Why does the Town Pump choose the noon hour for his speech? Will he have a bigger audience? 2. What importance does he claim as an officer of the town? 3. What example does he set his brother officers? 4. How does he recommend his wares? 5. What people come to drink? What animals? 6. Which does he take especial pleasure in serving? 7. What does he say to the toper? To the schoolboy? To the old gentleman? To the dog? 8. What has been his history? How old would he be as a *pump?* 9. What other drink does he like to associate with? 10. Which parts of his speech might be taken as a temperance lecture? 11. "As Rachel did of old." Has Hawthorne's memory slipped here? Find the story, in the Bible, of Jacob's wooing of Rachel; and also the story of Isaac's meeting Rebecca, when she came to the well to draw water.

Phrases: In perpetuity, for all time; all and sundry, everybody; ale of father Adam (*also* Adam's ale), water.

For Study with the Glossary: Promulgate, municipality, muster-day, unadulterated, Cognac, potation, decanter, titillation, Sagamore, capacious, multifarious, combustible, Hippocrates, squalid, delirium, regenerate, predecessor, pugnacity, exemplify, turbulence.

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What dŏth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,

In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819–1891

HELPS TO STUDY

In this poem Lowell compares the fortune of those born poor with those born rich. In a country like our own, where there are so many men who have risen from poverty to wealth and power, this is an encouraging thing to consider.

1. What advantages does the rich man's son inherit? What disadvantages? 2. What troublesome cares come to the rich man? 3. What good things does the poor man's son inherit? Name the elements of good character among these things. 4. What use should the rich man make of his advantages? Can you think of other uses which are not mentioned here? 5. What consolation should the poor man draw from his disadvantages? 6. In what respect are rich and poor equal? 7. What inequalities are there that have nothing to do with either wealth or poverty? 8. Compare this poem with Burns's "For A' That." In what are they alike?

For Study with the Glossary: Heritage, sated, hinds, sinewy, adjudged, benign, in fee, bubble shares.

THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country, . . . of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, —
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes at a reunion of his college class thirty years after their graduation. It belongs to the type known as "occasional" poetry, that is, written for some particular occasion when people are gathered together to celebrate some event or some anniversary. Holmes did this sort of thing better than any one else. His humor, his feeling, his good fellowship were admirable. He always wrote the poems for the various reunions of his class. All the men mentioned in this poem were markedly successful in life, and some of them famous: for example, the "Judge" was Mr. Bigelow of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; the "Reverend" was James Freeman Clarke; the mathematical boy, Benjamin Pierce; "the three-decker brain" was Benjamin Curtis, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and Smith wrote the song that we all know.

There are some other poems by Holmes on this theme of growing old that you would enjoy: "Bill and Joe," another class-reunion poem, and "The Last Leaf," in which he speaks as a young man seeing an old man totter along.

1. What does Holmes positively deny in the first stanza? Explain line 3. 2. Why does he choose twenty for their age? How old were they when they graduated? 3. Explain the references to gray and white and snowflakes. 4. What playful references does he make to the dignified places these men fill? 5. What touch of solemn feeling does he introduce at the end?

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. A day near a village watering trough. 2. Describe some meeting with an old friend.

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below"

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brownstone will do),
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there, —
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share, —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names:
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St. James;

I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; —
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear); —
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone,
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

From GOLDSMITH'S *Edwin and Angelina.*

Holmes treats this idea with playful humor.

1. Make a list of his "modest" wants in house, food, etc. 2. What honors would he like to have? 3. In Holmes's time there were no automobiles; but he wanted a fast horse to drive. Where do you find this? 4. What kind of books, pictures, etc., did he want? 5. To be Plenipo is to be minister plenipotentiary, or with full power at the court of St. James in London. 6. Cashmere, in India, is famous for its beautiful and costly shawls. 7. Titian, Raphael, and Turner were famous painters. 8. Stradivarius was a famous maker of violins. Holmes played the violin a little, but not very well.

For Study with the Glossary: Gubernator, morocco, vellum, cameo, meerschaum, buhl, recumbent, Midas.

A WISH

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

SNOW-BOUND

I. The Snow-Storm

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;

Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent

The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,

With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth

No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

II. The Fireside Circle

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

XX

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp

In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
  Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
  The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
  And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
  The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
  When favoring breezes deigned to blow
  The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days, —
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified.
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink

Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear, —
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home, —
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;

The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,

Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago: —
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?

What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;

Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland district teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,

And hostage from the future took
In trainéd thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

III. The Outer World Again

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes

From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-balls' compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,

The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
  Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
  The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
  A stranger to the heathen Nine,
  Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.

At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
  And daft McGregor on his raids
  In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow

Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem, one of the very best things in our American literature, was written in 1866, when Whittier was nearly sixty years old. His youngest sister had just died, the last of the family except the poet and his brother. It was natural, therefore, that his thoughts should go back to their childhood, when the family circle was unbroken. It was written not so much to describe the snowstorm, beautiful as that is, as to describe the life and spirit of the family circle which the snowstorm held together by the fireside. The character of this family is the character of the best New England people, the English stock that gave New England the fine and strong influence it had and still has on our civilization.

The old farmhouse is still standing near the village of Amesbury, Mass., and many people visit it to satisfy a worthy curiosity and to pay honor to the poet who made it famous.

I. 1. Read carefully the first paragraph, on the coming of the snowstorm. Use your knowledge of grammar here; make sure you get the proper subjects for the verbs *gave* (line 3), and *told* (line 14). 2. To what noun do the pronouns in lines 6 and 8 refer? 3. With what is the noun *portent* in apposition? 4. In line 9 a relative pronoun is omitted; supply it. 5. The wind "blew east"; as it came from the ocean, what must this mean? 6. What were the "chores" that a New England farm boy had to do? 7. The cattle in the barn stood by stanchions (poles fastened in floor and ceiling), and were tied to them by U-shaped yokes or "bows" and chains. These yokes were made of oak, or elm, or hickory. When Whittier says "walnut," he means hickory; many New Englanders still call hickory "walnut." 8. How did the snow fall: slow or fast, large or small? In what shapes? Compare Longfellow's "The Snowfall" and Emerson's "The Snowstorm." 9. How was the world changed next morning? 10. A well sweep is a long pole used to lift the bucket of water up from the well. It swings on a pivot, with the longer arm reaching up ten feet or more; hence it reminded the poet of the leaning tower of Pisa (Pē'zä). 11. Describe the cutting of paths. What did the tunnel make the boys think of? 12. What was the outside world like on this second day? 13. How long did the snowfall continue? See line 12, page 253, and line 10, page 254. 14. Select words and phrases that seem to you particularly good; such, for example, as "thickening sky," "hard, dull bitterness of cold," "querulous challenge." The poem is full of good things of this sort.

II. 1. Explain "beat the frost-line back." 2. What picture can you see just in front of the fire? 3. Who does Whittier say are left of that family circle? 4. Where does he express the hope that they will meet again? 5. Commit to memory some of the best parts of the paragraph, beginning "What matter how the night behaved?" 6. Explain lines 17–21, page 256. 7. What stories and experiences

does the father tell about? 8. What does the mother tell about? 9. What does the uncle know best? the aunt? 10. Select the lines that give the characters of this uncle and aunt. 11. Where are the two sisters described? 14. Which of all this family group would you most have enjoyed knowing? 15. Do they, and the life they have led, seem dull? Would you rather have for your own their memories of their experiences, or your memories of moving picture shows? 16. What is the village schoolmaster like? What different things can he do? Will he succeed in life? 17. Does he remind you at all of Ichabod Crane? 18. Describe the breaking up of the family group.

III. 1. This is the third stage of the poem, the breaking up of their "snow-bound" condition. How is it done? 2. What sport do the young people find in it? What pleasures and what duties come to the old? 3. The Whittiers were Quakers, the village doctor a Calvinist. Why does this make no difference between them? See page 268. 4. What books and periodicals had they? Ellwood was a Quaker poet, — not very good. What did he write about? 5. Pages 268–269 tell us what date the poet is thinking of. The Cherokee Indians were in revolt, and the Greek revolution was going on. Can you fix the time by going to your schoolbooks or the library? 6. What local news did the paper contain? 7. The last six lines are particularly good. Commit them to memory. 8. Have you ever been snow-bound? Is the city dweller worse off or better off under such conditions?

Phrases: I. Ominous prophecy, geometric signs, Egypt's Amun, social smoke, ghostly finger-tips, snow-blown traveller, Turk's head.

For Study with the Glossary: I. Portent, herd's grass, pellicle, meteor, firmament, buskins, supernal, crane, pendent, trammels.

II. Clean-winged, silhouette, couchant, idyllic, picturesque, lyceum, occult, shagbark, mirage, unprofaned, motley, subsistence, clapboards.

Phrases: II. Bodiced zone, turned her wheel, loon's weird laughter.

Phrases: III. Inward light, saints elect, vendue sales.

III. Cavalcade, missive, hostage, autocratic, panoramic, embargo.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de ole folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Dere many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind ole mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

HELPS TO STUDY

This humble expression of longing for the old home, with its sweet and fitting music, is known almost all over the civilized world. The feeling that runs through it is the same feeling as prompted Whittier to write "Snow-Bound." What other poems or stories can you recall that express this love of home? The same author wrote "Old Kentucky Home."

You should have no difficulty in understanding the negro dialect in which it is written; but for those who have never heard the speech of the southern negro, there is given the following:

Glossary: Ribber = river; dere's = there is; wha = where; de = the; ole = old; eb'rywhere = everywhere; brudder = brother; mudder = mother; am = is (*sometimes* are).

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What is the main thought in Longfellow's "The Arsenal at Springfield"? 2. What lesson does Holmes teach in "The Chambered Nautilus"? 3. What common idea can you find in Holmes's "The Boys," Burns's "For A' That"? and Lowell's "The Heritage"? 4. What pictures and ideas do you recall from "Snow-Bound"?

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee,
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot,
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem, like "Snow-Bound," is retrospective, that is, backward looking. This, however, expresses regret for the might-have-been; "Snow-Bound" is full of pleasure in what has been. The poem may have been suggested to Whittier by the following incident: He and his sister were driving along the coast of Maine, and stopped by the way to rest their horse. "A very beautiful young girl," says Whittier, "was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck."

The lost pleasures or possibilities of life are often celebrated in poetry. Read, for your own pleasure, Poe's "Raven" and "Annabel Lee."

1. Describe Maud Muller. What vague discontent did she feel? 2. What mood was the judge in? 3. What did he see to admire in the girl? 4. What did she think life with him might be like? 5. Why did he think he ought not to fall in love with her? 6. How did each of them afterwards think of this chance meeting? 7. The last two lines are a reference to the story of the angels that rolled the stone away from the grave of Christ.

For Study with the Glossary: Dower, garnished, spinnet, astral.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. Some of my own hopes or ambitions. 2. Haymaking. 3. Pleasures and advantages of country life. 4. Pleasures and advantages of town life.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were crowded together, — their muscles knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, — when Spartacus, rising in that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and has never yet lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step

forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

"Yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, a neighbor's son; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared our rustic meal.

"One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. And, methinks, if I could look on something other than warrior's harness and the blinding glare of burnished steel, and hear some other sound than death groans and armor clangs, could I but lay these throbbing temples upon the soft green turf beside my native brook, and let my hand hang over the bank into its blessed current, and feel the broad sweep of its waters, while the leaves danced over me, methinks that I could

heave this cursed crust from off my heart and be again a child. Yes, a child, a child! But what have I to do with thoughts like these? I do forget my story.

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold, he was my friend! He knew me, — smiled faintly, — gasped, — and died; the same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral pile, and mourn over his ashes. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestal, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child before that piece of bleeding clay; but the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look — and look — and look in vain to the bright Elysian Fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, stand here like fat oxen waiting the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

HELPS TO STUDY

The old Romans, being a militaristic and conquering people, were, in spite of their greatness, brutal and cruel. Their favorite amusement was seeing men fight each other, or fight wild animals, or even seeing helpless, unarmed people thrown to the captive lions and tigers kept for these purposes. The men whom they kept to fight each other or the wild beasts were called gladiators, a word meaning swordsmen. They were usually captives of war.

This well-known speech represents one of them as sickened and resentful at the life they are compelled to lead, and calling upon his fellows to follow him and fight for their liberty.

Proper Names: Cap'ua, another name for the old Roman town Campania, where are the remains of one of the largest Roman amphitheaters. Voltur'nus, a river of Campania. Hel'icon, a mountain in Greece. Marathon and Leuctra, famous Greek victories. Spartans, — Sparta was a part of Greece. Numidian, from a province of northern Africa. Elysian fields, the happy region in which the dead abode. But the spirits of unburied people had to wander for a hundred years before being admitted to this happiness. Tiber, the river that flows through Rome. Roman Adō'nis: Adonis was a Greek god, celebrated for his beauty; here the term is used in contempt. Thermop'ylæ, the scene of the famous battle in which a few Greeks held back a host of Persian invaders.

1. Under what circumstances does Spartacus make his speech? 2. What is his rank among his fellows? 3. What memories of his childhood does he recall? 4. How does he first hear of war? How did it affect him? 5. What has changed him? 6. What has just happened to stir deeply his old feelings? 7. What does he urge his companions to attempt with him? 8. Victorious eagles; the eagle was the emblem of the Roman state.

For Study with the Glossary: Loiterer, corselet, zephyr, reverent, venerable, prætor, ooze, sesterces.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

Although this poem was written by its author when he was not quite eighteen, its dignity and beauty have made it one of the best-known poems in the English language. The title is made up of two Greek words, and means a view of death.

1. What does the poet say Nature does for those who "hold communion" with her? 2. Where is Nature represented as beginning to speak to us of death? 3. The second paragraph speaks of death as a thing that must come to all mankind. 4. The third paragraph sweeps over the vast spaces of the earth, and everywhere the dead are; the whole earth is a vast tomb. The last fifteen lines speak of the future: all that live must come to this. 5. The last paragraph shows how death may have no terrors for us. 6. Read the poem aloud, slowly and carefully. Make sure that you get all the meanings.

For Study with the Glossary: Resolved, rude swain, favorite phantom, caravan.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. A gladiator's life. 2. A crowd at a public game. 3. The pictures in Bryant's poem.

A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —

'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

From *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The first stanza has the general idea that all nature feels the life and warmth and beauty of June. 2. Explain lines 3–4. What is meant by saying that the clod feels "a stir of might" and "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers"? 3. How does the bird show the spirit of the season? What is his mate doing? Explain the last line of the stanza. 4. The second stanza, beginning "Now is the high-tide of the year," speaks of the things that human beings see and feel in the warm summer days. What are they? 5. The third stanza tells of the influence of the season upon our moral natures, as in lines 1, 3, 4, 9, and 10 of the stanza. 6. Explain lines 12–14.

For Study with the Glossary: Instinct, chalice, illumined, deluge, nice, couriers, chanticleer, sulphurous, craters.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. A summer day. 2. The sounds and smells of a summer day.

LOWELL

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) was a poet, an essayist, a scholar, an editor, and a diplomat, — and distinguished in all these fields. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., the son of a clergyman and the descendant of a long line of New England clergymen. He graduated from Harvard in 1838, and soon after that chose writing as his profession. In 1855 he was made professor of modern languages at Harvard, the position from which Longfellow had just resigned. He was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, from 1857 to 1862, and the editor of *The North American Review* from 1863 to 1872. From 1877 to 1880 he was minister to Spain, and from 1880 to 1885 minister to England, where he did much to bring about good feeling between England and America. The English people liked his wit, his tact, and friendliness, and admired him for his great learning. He was one of the most scholarly men we have produced, and a particularly brilliant talker.

You have read a number of his poems. You should read some time also these essays of his: "Democracy," "Books and Libraries," "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Here is a sample passage from the last-named essay:

Lowell had just refused a request for five dollars from a well-enough dressed and able-bodied young German beggar, who had halted him on the street. "He took a high tone with me at once. . . . He even brought down his proud stomach so far as to join himself to me for the rest of my townward walk, that he might give me his views of the American people, and thus inclusively of myself. . . . I listened for some time with tolerable composure as my self-appointed lecturer gave me in detail his opinions of my country and my people. America, he informed me, was without arts, science, literature, culture, or any native hope of supplying them. We were a people wholly given to money-getting, and who, having got it, knew no other use for it than to hold it fast. . . . I hastily left him to finish his diatribe to the lamp-post, which could stand it better than I. That young man will never know how near he came to being assaulted by a respectable gentleman of middle age, at the corner of Church Street."

LOWELL

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What month of the year does the poem portray? 2. What is nature like? 3. Which creatures and what flowers have gone? Which are left? 4. The personal grief in the last stanza is for his sister who had died not long before.

For Study with the Glossary: Sere, eddying, orchis.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

The gentian blooms in autumn, and is one of the rarest and most beautiful of wild flowers. What part of this poem do you like best?

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise

And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees

His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

As you read this, note how the poet suggests the freshness and the dashing sound of the rain. The short lines help in this effect.

1. What words and phrases are often repeated? 2. Which lines seem to dash and spurt, like the rain? 3. Go through the poem, stanza by stanza, and tell what different scenes are presented.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore

Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's nightwork,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What shows that this snowfall is a "storm"? 2. What contrast is presented in the first stanza? Explain the last line of this stanza. 3. Show how, in the second stanza, the snow is described as a *builder*. What does it build?

For Study with the Glossary: Tumultuous, quarry, artificer, bastions, myriad, Parian, mauger, frolic architecture.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. A snow scene. 2. Life indoors on a winter day.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall.
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried "Abide, abide,"
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,"
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said: "Pass not, so cold, these manifold,
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

SIDNEY LANIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

The foregoing poem, by a famous Southern poet, is remarkable for its beauty of rhythm. It suggests by its own sound the swift rush of the river down to the sea. Lanier was himself an able musician.

1. Note the abrupt, dashing sound of the opening lines. 2. Find rhymes in the middle of the lines. What effect do they seem to you to have? 3. Try reading the first stanza very slowly, and then rather quickly, and decide which is the proper way to read it. 4. What things does the river pass on its way down the hills? 5. The peculiar expression in the seventh line of the second stanza and the third line of the last stanza is not a grammatical error; it is an old form, no longer in common use, but serving here to make the lines move more rapidly.

THE HUMBLEBEE

Burly dozing humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert-cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean,
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep, —
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep, —
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The humblebee is, of course, the bumblebee. How do you suppose he got these names? 2. Note how the swing of these short lines seems to suit the subject. 3. Why is he like an "animated torrid zone"? 4. When does he come? Where is he found? 5. What does he feed on? 6. Why does Emerson call him "yellow-breeched philosopher"? 7. How does he pass the winter?

For Study with the Glossary: Clime, subtle, Syrian peace.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The bumblebee's activities. 2. Finding a bee's nest. 3. The value of bees.

EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) was, like Lowell, the son of a clergyman. He was born in Boston. His father died while the children were still young, but his mother, though poor, managed to send her sons through Harvard. Ralph graduated in 1821 (boys could graduate younger in those days; for the standard of the colleges was not then so advanced as now), and after teaching for a while entered the Unitarian ministry in 1829. He gave this up after three years, and turned his attention to writing and lecturing. His home, during the most of his life, was in Concord, Mass., where lived also Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts. Do you know Miss Alcott's books?

For thirty or forty years he was the most eminent and most inspiring public lecturer, and it was a time when public lecturing was a common thing for able men. His influence was very great. He stimulated many thousands of people to higher thinking and better living. He also wrote many essays and poems, which thoughtful people still find among the best things in our literature.

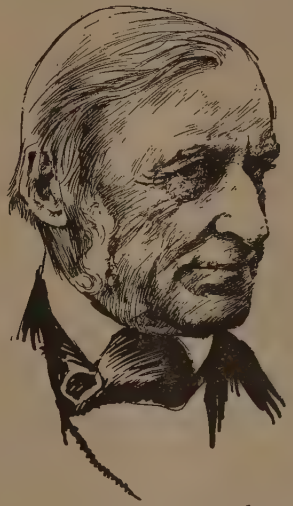
Here are two well-known passages:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
  The Youth replies, I can.

And,

God said, I am tired of kings,
  I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the moaning brings,
  The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
  A field of havoc and of war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
  Might harry the weak and poor?



EMERSON

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheatfield to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem and the next are among Whittier's "Songs of Labor." They dignify and beautify the life of toil in the country.

Autumn's horn is the "horn of plenty." The pineapple is, properly speaking, not an apple at all. The "goodly root" is, of course, the potato. The "fly" is the so-called Hessian fly, a pest that destroys the wheat crop.

1. What beauty and what uses does the poet see in the corn?
2. With what other fruits and grains does he compare it?

For Study with the Glossary: Exulting, rugged, vapid, samp.

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weather-cocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What other poem in this book has lines like this one? In which does the form seem more suitable to the subject? 2. What month is it? 3. The American autumn is richer in brilliant color than in most countries. What colors are in this landscape? 4. Where does the husking take place? 5. Have you ever known of any similar parties, where labor becomes pleasure?

For Study with the Glossary: Chastened, shuttle, verdant, radiance, lapsed.

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
  With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  And in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet granther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On such a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clear grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, and then that, by spells —
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no vice had sech a swing
  Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
  She *know'd* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seem'd to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' litered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no . . . I come dasignin'" . . .
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin tomorrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister!"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . wal, he up an' kissed her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight fer all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
  An gin' 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
And all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

This little rustic love-story in verse has become a great favorite with those who like good poetry. You will observe from reading the poem that both of the young people have fine qualities, even though they do use a dialect that looks queer in print, and would sound queer to your ears if you were not used to hearing it. If you are not familiar with this New England dialect, use the **Glossary** given below.

1. What is the scene outside the house? 2. What is the room like inside? 3. How does the scene resemble that in "Snow-Bound"? 4. What does the narrator think of *stoves?* Why? 5. How does he tell you that Zekle knew he loved the girl? 6. How did Huldy know that she was in love with him? 7. What was the girl doing? 8. Was she expecting her caller? 9. How did she first know he had come? 10. How did she act? Why? Why does the narrator not explain her actions? 11. How did the mother know that the young people had arranged matters between them? 12. What shows that she approved?

Glossary (for this poem): sech = such; an' = and; 'z or ez = as; crep' = crept; winder = window; sot = sat; 'ith = with; hender = hinder (interfere, bother); warn't = were not; tell = till, until; wa'nut = walnut (meaning *hickory*); pootiest = prettiest; leetle = little; chiny = china; dresser = a bureau, or chest of drawers; agin = against, or again; crook-necks = pieces of bent iron, fastened in the chimney, from which a kettle could be hung over the fire; queen's-arm = an old musket; granther = grandfather; busted = burst; coz = because; kingdom-come = a phrase meaning a happy time, a blessed experience; cretur = creature; ain't = isn't; A 1 = a phrase meaning first-rate, of the very best; natur = nature; pitch a ton = pitch a ton of hay, in "haying time," from the ground to the wagon, by forkfuls; dror a furrer = draw a furrow (with a plow); sparked it = gone courting; hed = had; squired = been attentive to; danced 'em = had danced with them; druv 'em = had gone driving with them; 'long o' her = beside (or with) her; 'ould = would; curled maple = wood that has a

curled and twisted grain; breshed = brushed; v'ice = voice; his'n = his; Ole Hundred = the doxology, beginning "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"; meetin' = the Sunday gathering at church; sartin' = certain; tu = too; scraper = a piece of flat iron set up at the door-step, for scraping mud off the boots before entering the house; l'itered = loitered; sekle = sequel, result; hern = hers; cheer = chair; wished him furder = wished he were farther away, that is, hadn't come; i'nin' = ironing; nuther = neither; wall = well; bimeby = by and by; Jenooary = January; clost = close; gin' = gave; cried in meetin' = their engagement was announced in the church, according to the old custom. This was called "publishing the banns" in old England.

HIAWATHA'S MITTENS

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Of what poem is this an imitation? A humorous imitation like this is called a parody. 2. What does "anonymous" mean? Look it up in the dictionary if you do not know it.

MY VISIT TO NIAGARA

Never did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loath to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length the day came. The stage-coach, with a Frenchman and myself on the back seat, had already left Lewiston, and in less than an hour would set us down in Manchester. I began to listen for the roar of the cataract, and trembled with a sensation like dread, as the moment drew nigh, when its voice of ages must roll, for the first time, on my ear. The French gentleman stretched himself from the window, and expressed loud admiration, while, by a sudden impulse, I threw myself back and closed my eyes. When the scene shut in, I was glad to think, that for me the whole burst of Niagara was yet in futurity. We rolled on, and entered the village of Manchester, bordering on the falls.

I am quite ashamed of myself here. Not that I ran like a madman to the falls, and plunged into the thickest of the spray, — never stopping to breathe, till breathing was impossible; not that I committed this, or any other suitable extravagance. On the contrary, I alighted with perfect decency and composure, gave my cloak to the black waiter, pointed out my baggage, and inquired, not the nearest way

to the cataract, but about the dinner-hour. The interval was spent in arranging my dress. Within the last fifteen minutes, my mind had grown strangely benumbed, and my spirits apathetic, with a slight depression, not decided enough to be termed sadness. My enthusiasm was in a deathlike slumber. Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated that English traveler, who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it. Many a Western trader, by the by, has performed a similar act of heroism with more heroic simplicity, deeming it no such wonderful feat to dine at the hotel and resume his route to Buffalo or Lewiston, while the cataract was roaring unseen.

Such has often been my apathy, when objects, long sought, and earnestly desired, were placed within my reach. After dinner — at which an unwonted and perverse epicurism detained me longer than usual — I lighted a cigar and paced the piazza, minutely attentive to the aspect and business of a very ordinary village. Finally, with reluctant step, and the feeling of an intruder, I walked towards Goat Island. At the toll-house, there were further excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge ledger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a great sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deer-skin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers, from Montreal, New York, and Boston, — all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted

sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. Above and below me were the rapids, a river of impetuous snow, with here and there a dark rock amid its whiteness, resisting all the physical fury, as any cold spirit did the moral influences of the scene. On reaching Goat Island, which separates the two great segments of the falls, I chose the right-hand path, and followed it to the edge of the American cascade. There, while the falling sheet was yet invisible, I saw the vapor that never vanishes, and the Eternal Rainbow of Niagara.

It was an afternoon of glorious sunshine, without a cloud, save those of the cataracts. I gained an insulated rock and beheld a broad sheet of brilliant and unbroken foam, not shooting in a curved line from the top of the precipice, but falling headlong down from height to depth. A narrow stream diverged from the main branch, and hurried over the crag by a channel of its own, leaving a little pine-clad island and a streak of precipice between itself and the larger sheet. Below arose the mist, on which was painted a dazzling sunbow with two concentric shadows, — one, almost as perfect as the original brightness; and the other, drawn faintly round the broken edge of the cloud.

Still I had not half seen Niagara. Following the verge of the island, the path led me to the Horseshoe, where the real, broad St. Lawrence, rushing along on a level with its banks, pours its whole breadth over a concave line of precipice, and thence pursues its course between lofty

crags towards Ontario. A sort of bridge, two or three feet wide, stretches out along the edge of the descending sheet, and hangs upon the rising mist, as if that were the foundation of the frail structure. Here I stationed myself in the blast of wind, which the rushing river bore along with it. The bridge was tremulous beneath me, and marked the tremor of the solid earth. I looked along the whitening rapids, and endeavored to distinguish a mass of water far above the falls, to follow it to their verge, and go down with it, in fancy, to the abyss of clouds and storm. Casting my eyes across the river, and every side, I took in the whole scene at a glance, and tried to comprehend it in one vast idea. After an hour thus spent, I left the bridge, and by a staircase, winding almost interminably round a post, descended to the base of the precipice. From that point, my path lay over slippery stones, and among great fragments of the cliff, to the edge of the cataract, where the wind at once enveloped me in spray, and perhaps dashed the rainbow round me. Were my long desires fulfilled? And had I seen Niagara?

Oh that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink, in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshiped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs, and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky, — a

scene, in short, which nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind had struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched sense of disappointment weighed me down. I climbed the precipice and threw myself on the earth, feeling that I was unworthy to look at the Great Falls, and careless about beholding them again.

All that night, as there has been and will be for ages past and to come, a rushing sound was heard, as if a great tempest were sweeping through the air. It mingled with my dreams, and made them full of storm and whirlwind. Whenever I awoke, and heard this dread sound in the air, and the windows rattling as with a mighty blast, I could not rest again, till looking forth, I saw how bright the stars were, and that every leaf in the garden was motionless. Never was a summer night more calm to the eye, nor a gale of autumn louder to the ear. The rushing sound proceeds from the rapids, and the rattling of the casements is but an effect of the vibration of the whole house, shaken by the jar of the cataract. The noise of the rapids draws the attention from the true voice of Niagara, which is a dull, muffled thunder, resounding between the cliffs. I spent a wakeful hour at midnight, in distinguishing its reverberations, and rejoiced to find that my former awe and enthusiasm were reviving.

Gradually, and after much contemplation, I came to know, by my own feelings, that Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful, because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting

aside all preconceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffering the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night, I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it. Yet I will not pretend to the all-absorbing enthusiasm of some more fortunate spectators, nor deny that very trifling causes would draw my eyes and thoughts from the cataract.

The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the Far West, I sat upon the Table Rock. This celebrated station did not now, as of old, project fifty feet beyond the line of the precipice, but was shattered by the fall of an immense fragment, which lay distant on the shore below. Still, on the utmost verge of the rock, with my feet hanging over it, I felt as if suspended in the open air. Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals, when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull

in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind.

Leaning over the cliff, I saw the guide conducting two adventurers behind the falls. It was pleasant, from that high seat in the sunshine, to observe them struggling against the eternal storm of the lower regions, with heads bent down, now faltering, now pressing forward, and finally swallowed up in their victory. After their disappearance, a blast rushed out with an old hat, which it had swept from one of their heads. The rock, to which they were directing their unseen course, is marked, at a fearful distance on the exterior of the sheet, by a jet of foam. The attempt to reach it appears both poetical and perilous to a looker-on, but may be accomplished without much more difficulty or hazard than in stemming a violent northeaster. In a few moments, forth came the children of the mist. Dripping and breathless, they crept along the base of the cliff, ascended to the guide's cottage, and received, I presume, a certificate of their achievement, with three verses of sublime poetry on the back.

My contemplations were often interrupted by strangers who came down from Forsyth's to take their first view of the falls. A short, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from Old England, peeped over the rock, and evinced his approbation by a broad grin. His spouse, a very robust lady, afforded a sweet example of maternal solicitude, being so intent on the safety of her little boy that she did

not even glance at Niagara. As for the child, he gave himself wholly to the enjoyment of a stick of candy. Another traveler, a native American, and no rare character among us, produced a volume of Captain Hall's tour, and labored earnestly to adjust Niagara to the captain's description, departing, at last, without one new idea or sensation of his own. The next comer was provided, not with a printed book, but with a blank sheet of foolscap, from top to bottom of which, by means of an ever-pointed pencil, the cataract was made to thunder. In a little talk which we had together, he awarded his approbation to the general view, but censured the position of Goat Island, observing that it should have been thrown farther to the right, so as to widen the American falls, and contract those of the Horseshoe. Next appeared two traders of Michigan, who declared that, upon the whole, the sight was worth looking at; there certainly was an immense water-power here; but that, after all, they would go twice as far to see the noble stone-works of Lockport, where the Grand Canal is locked down a descent of sixty feet. They were succeeded by a young fellow, in a homespun cotton dress, with a staff in his hand, and a pack over his shoulders. He advanced close to the edge of the rock, where his attention, at first wavering among the different components of the scene, finally became fixed in the angle of the Horseshoe falls, which is indeed the central point of interest. His whole soul seemed to go forth and be transported thither, till the staff slipped from his relaxed grasp, and falling down — down — down — struck upon the fragment of the Table Rock.

In this manner I spent some hours, watching the varied impression, made by the cataract, on those who disturbed me, and returning to unwearied contemplation, when left alone. At length my time came to depart. There is a grassy foot-path through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the Ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and showed me, in rich and repeated succession, now, the whitening rapids and majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a tributary stream; now, the long vista of the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario toward the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at, for this one unrivalled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semi-circle of a rainbow, heaven's own beauty crowning earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because no poet shared it, nor wretch devoid of

poetry profaned it; but the spot so famous through the world was all my own.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HELPS TO STUDY

Some of the wonders of nature, like the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the great trees of California, and Niagara Falls, are too grand to be described in mere words. Hawthorne, who was a master of description, seemed to feel this on his visit to Niagara, and so has set down mainly the effect of this wonderful sight upon him. His first impressions, you notice, are rather disappointing. This is a common experience. It is not exactly that too much is expected, but rather that the sight is so big and so magnificent that we require time to measure and feel its vastness and its grandeur.

1. What does Hawthorne do when he first arrives where the Falls are? 2. Why does he seem unwilling to go? 3. Over what things does he linger on his way? 4. What are some of the things that he does venture to describe? 5. What things impressed him most? 6. Recount the actions of the various people whom he observed there. 7. With what feelings does he leave?

For Study with the Glossary: Insulated, diverge, concentric, abyss, preconceived, northeaster, solicitude.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. A visit to some famous place. 2. The grandest sight I know.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. How does the feeling in "Maud Muller" differ from that in "The Old Folks at Home"? 2. Why can "Spartacus" be grouped under the selections about Home and Friends? 3. What is Lowell's "Day in June" about? 4. What poem of Lanier's have you read? For what is it famous? 5. How did Niagara seem to some of the visitors Hawthorne saw there? 6. Tell about some wonders of nature that you have visited.

A WESTERN FARM SCENE

Life on a Wisconsin farm, even for the women, had its compensations. There were times when the daily routine of lonely and monotonous housework gave place to an agreeable bustle, and human intercourse lightened the toil. In the midst of the slow progress of the fall's plowing, the gathering of the threshing crew was a most dramatic event to my mother, as to us, for it not only brought unwonted clamor, it fetched her brothers William and David and Frank, who owned and ran a threshing machine, and their coming gave the house an air of festivity which offset the burden of extra work which fell upon us all.

In those days the grain, after being brought in and stacked around the barn, was allowed to remain until October or November when all the other work was finished.

Of course some men got the machine earlier, for all could not thresh at the same time, and a good part of every man's fall activities consisted in "changing works" with his neighbors, thus laying up a stock of unpaid labor against the home job. Day after day, therefore, father or the hired man shouldered a fork and went to help thresh, and all through the autumn months, the ceaseless ringing hum and the *bow-ouw*, *ouw-woo*, *boo-oo-oom* of the great balance wheels on the separator and the deep bass purr of its cylinder could be heard in every valley like the droning song of some sullen and gigantic autumnal insect.

I recall with especial clearness the events of that last threshing in the coulee. I was eight, my brother was six. For days we had looked forward to the coming of "the threshers," listening with the greatest eagerness to father's report of the crew. At last he said, "Well, Belle, get ready. The machine will be here tomorrow."

All day we hung on the gate, gazing down the road, watching, waiting for the crew, and, even after supper, we stood at the windows still hoping to hear the rattle of the ponderous separator.

Father explained that the men usually worked all day at one farm and moved after dark, and we were just starting to "climb the wooden hill" when we heard a far-off faint halloo.

"There they are," shouted father, catching up his old square tin lantern and hurriedly lighting the candle within it. "That's Frank's voice."

The night air was sharp, and as we had taken off our boots we could only stand at the window and watch father as he piloted the teamsters through the gate. The light threw fantastic shadows here and there, now lighting up a face, now bringing out the separator which seemed a weary and sullen monster awaiting its den. The men's voices sounded loud in the still night, causing the roused turkeys in the oaks to peer about on their perches, uneasy silhouettes against the sky.

We would gladly have stayed awake to greet our beloved uncles, but mother said, "You must go to sleep in order to be up early in the morning," and reluctantly we turned away.

Lying thus in our cot under the sloping raftered roof we could hear the squawk of the hens as father wrung their innocent necks, and the crash of the "sweeps" being unloaded sounded loud and clear and strange. We longed to be out there, but at last the dance of lights and shadows on the plastered wall died away, and we fell into childish, dreamless sleep.

We were awakened at dawn by the ringing beat of the iron mauls as Frank and David drove the stakes to hold the "power" to the ground. The rattle of trace chains, the clash of iron rods, the clang of steel bars, intermixed with the laughter of the men, came sharply through the frosty air, and the smell of sizzling sausage from the kitchen warned us that our busy mother was hurrying the breakfast forward. Knowing that it was time to get up, although it was not yet light, I had a sense of being awakened into a romantic new world, a world of heroic action.

As we stumbled down the stairs, we found the lamp-lit kitchen empty of the men. They had finished their coffee and were out in the stack-yard oiling the machine and hitching the horses to the power. Shivering, yet entranced by the beauty of the frosty dawn, we crept out to stand and watch the play. The frost lay white on every surface, the frozen ground rang like iron under the steel-shod feet of the horses, and the breath of the men rose up in little white puffs of steam.

Uncle David on the feeder's stand was impatiently awaiting the coming of the fifth team. The pitchers were climbing the stacks like blackbirds, and the straw-stackers were

scuffling about the stable door. — Finally, just as the east began to bloom and long streamers of red began to unroll along the vast gray dome of sky, Uncle Frank, the driver, lifted his voice in a "Chippewa war-whoop."

On a still morning like this his signal could be heard for miles. Long drawn and musical, it sped away over the fields, announcing to all the world that the McClintocks were ready for the day's race. Answers came back faintly from the frosty fields where dim figures of laggard hands could be seen hurrying over the plowed ground, the last team came clattering in and was hooked into its place, David called "All right!" and the cylinder began to hum.

In those days the machine was either a "J. I. Case" or a "Buffalo Pitts," and was moved by five pairs of horses attached to a "power" staked to the ground, round which they traveled pulling at the ends of long levers or sweeps, and to me the force seemed tremendous. "Tumbling rods" with "knuckle joints" carried the motion to the cylinder, and the driver who stood upon a square platform above the huge, greasy cog-wheels (round which the horses moved) was a grand figure in my eyes.

Driving, to us, looked like a pleasant job, but Uncle Frank thought it very tiresome, and I can now see that it was. To stand on that small platform all through the long hours of a cold November day, when the cutting wind roared down the valley sweeping the dust and leaves along the road, was work. Even I perceived that it was far pleasanter to sit on the south side of the stack and watch the horses go round.

It was necessary that the "driver" should be a man of judgment, for the horses had to be kept at just the right speed, and to do this he must gauge the motion of the cylinder by the pitch of its deep bass song.

The three men in command of the machine were set apart as "the threshers." — William and David alternately "fed" or "tended," that is, one of them "fed" the grain into the howling cylinder, while the other, oil-can in hand, watched the sieves, felt of the pinions, and so kept the machine in good order. The feeder's position was the high place to which all boys aspired, and on this day I stood in silent admiration of Uncle David's easy powerful attitudes as he caught each bundle in the crook of his arm and spread it out into a broad, smooth band of yellow straw on which the whirling teeth caught and tore with monstrous fury. He was the ideal man in my eyes, grander in some ways than my father, and to be able to stand where he stood was the highest honor in the world.

It was all poetry for us and we wished every day were threshing day. The wind blew cold, the clouds went flying across the bright blue sky, and the straw glistened in the sun. With jarring snarl the circling zone of cogs dipped into the sturdy greasy wheels, and the single-trees and pulley-chains chirped clear and sweet as crickets. The dust flew, the whip cracked, and the men working swiftly to get the sheaves to the feeder or to take the straw away from the tail-end of the machine, were like warriors, urged to desperate action by battle cries.

The stackers wallowing to their waists in the fluffy straw-pile seemed gnomes acting for our amusement.

The straw-pile! What delight we had in that! What joy it was to go up to the top where the men were stationed, one behind the other, and to have them toss huge forkfuls of the light fragrant stalks upon us, laughing to see us emerge from our golden cover. We were especially impressed by the bravery of Ed Green, who stood in the midst of the thick dust and flying chaff close to the tail of the stacker. His teeth shone like a negro's out of his dust-blackened face and his shirt was wet with sweat, but he motioned for "more straw" and David, accepting the challenge, signalled for more speed. Frank swung his lash and yelled at the straining horses, the sleepy growl of the cylinder rose to a howl and the wheat came pulsing out at the spout in such a stream that the carriers were forced to trot on their path to and from the granary in order to keep the grain from piling up around the measurer. — There was a kind of splendid rivalry in this backbreaking toil, for each sack weighed ninety pounds. Tired of wallowing in the straw at last, we went down to help Rover catch the rats uncovered by the pitchers as they reached the stack bottom. The horses, with their straining, out-stretched necks, the loud and cheery shouts, the whistling of the driver, the roar and hum of the great wheel, the flourishing of the forks, the supple movement of brawny arms, the shouts of the men, all blended with the wild sound of the wind in the creaking branches of the oaks, and formed a glorious poem in our unforgetting minds.

At last the call for dinner sounded. The driver began to call, "Whoa there, boys! Steady, Tom," and to hold his long whip before the eyes of the more spirited of the teams in order to convince them that he really meant "stop." The pitchers stuck their forks upright in the stack and leaped to the ground. Randal, the band-cutter, drew from his wrist the looped string of his big knife, the stackers slid down from the straw-pile, and a race began among the teamsters to see whose span would be first unhitched and at the watering trough. What joyous rivalry it seemed to us!

Mother and Mrs. Randal, wife of our neighbor, who was "changing works," stood ready to serve the food as soon as the men were seated. — The table had been lengthened to its utmost and pieced out with boards, and planks had been laid on stout wooden chairs at either side.

The men came in with a rush, and took seats wherever they could find them, and their attack on the boiled potatoes and chicken should have been appalling to the women, but it was not. They enjoyed seeing them eat. Ed Green was prodigious. One cut at a big potato, followed by two stabbing motions, and it was gone. — Two bites laid a leg of chicken as bare as a slate pencil. To us standing in the corner waiting our turn, it seemed that every "smitch" of the dinner was in danger, for the others were not far behind Ed and Dan.

At last even the gauntest of them filled up and left the room and we were free to sit at "the second table" and eat, while the men rested outside. David and William,

however, generally had a belt to sew or a bent tooth to take out of the "concave." This seemed of grave dignity to us and we respected their self-sacrificing labor.

Nooning was brief. As soon as the horses had finished their oats, the roar and hum of the machine began again and continued steadily all the afternoon, till by and by the sun grew big and red, the night began to fall, and the wind died out.

This was the most impressive hour of a marvelous day. Through the falling dusk, the machine boomed steadily with a new sound, a solemn roar, rising at intervals to a rattling impatient yell as the cylinder ran momentarily empty. The men moved now in silence, looming dim and gigantic in the half-light. The straw-pile mountain high, the pitchers in the chaff, the feeder on this platform, and especially the driver on his power, seemed almost super-human to my childish eyes. Grey dust covered the handsome face of David, changing it into something both sad and stern, but Frank's cheery voice rang out musically as he called to the weary horses, "Come on, Tom! Hup there, Dan!"

The track in which they walked had been worn into two deep circles and they all moved mechanically round and round, like parts of a machine, dull-eyed and covered with sweat.

At last William raised the welcome cry, "All done!" — the men threw down their forks. Uncle Frank began to call in a gentle, soothing voice, "*Whoa*, lads! *Steady*, boys! Whoa, there!"

But the horses had been going so long and so steadily that they could not at once check their speed. They kept moving, though slowly, on and on till their owners slid from the stacks and seizing the ends of the sweeps, held them. Even then, after the power was still, the cylinder kept its hum, till David throwing a last sheaf into its open maw, choked it into silence.

Now came the sound of dropping chains, the clang of iron rods, and the thud of hoofs as the horses walked with laggard gait and weary down-falling heads to the barn. The men, more subdued than at dinner, washed with greater care, and combed the chaff from their beards. The air was still and cool, and the sky a deep cloudless blue starred with faint fire.

Supper though quiet was more dramatic than dinner had been. The table lighted with kerosene lamps, the clean white linen, the fragrant dishes, the women flying about with steaming platters, all seemed very cheery and very beautiful, and the men who came into the light and warmth of the kitchen with aching muscles and empty stomachs, seemed gentler and finer than at noon. They were nearly all from the neighboring farms, and my mother treated even the few hired men like visitors, and the talk was all hearty and good tempered, though a little subdued.

One by one the men rose and slipped away, and father withdrew to milk the cows and bed down the horses, leaving the women and the youngsters to eat what was left and "do up the dishes."

After we had eaten our fill Frank and I also went out

to the barn (all wonderfully changed now to our minds by the great stack of straw), there to listen to David and father chatting as they rubbed their tired horses. — The lantern threw a dim red light on the harness and on the rumps of the cattle, but left mysterious shadows in the corners. I could hear the mice rustling in the straw of the roof, and from the farther end of the dimly-lighted shed came the regular *strim-stram* of the streams of milk falling into the bottom of a tin pail as the hired hand milked the big roan cow.

All this was very momentous to me as I sat on the oat box, shivering in the cold air, listening with all my ears, and when we finally went toward the house, the stars were big and sparkling. The frost had already begun to glisten on the fences and well-curb, and high in the air, dark against the sky, the turkeys were roosting uneasily, as if disturbed by premonitions of approaching Thanksgiving. Rover pattered along by my side on the crisp grass and my brother clung to my hand.

How bright and warm it was in the kitchen, with mother putting things to rights while father and my uncles leaned their chairs against the wall and talked of the west and of moving. "I can't get away till after New Year's," father said. "But I'm going. I'll never put in another crop on these hills."

With speechless content I listened to Uncle William's stories of bears and Indians, and other episodes of frontier life, until at last we were ordered to bed and the glorious day was done.

Oh, those blessed days, those entrancing nights! How fine they were then, and how mellow they are now, for the slow-paced years have dropped nearly fifty other golden mists upon that far-off valley. From this distance I cannot understand how my father brought himself to leave that lovely farm and those good and noble friends.

From HAMLIN GARLAND'S *A Son of the Middle Border*.

HELPS TO STUDY

This is an interesting chapter from an interesting biography, — the record of a man who began life on a Western farm and later reached fame and fortune through writing.

1. Why was the threshing looked forward to with pleasure? 2. What neighborly custom is meant by "changing works"? 3. When did the machine arrive? Describe the scene. 4. What sounds awakened the boys in the morning? 5. What was the "power"? How was it kept in motion? 6. What kind of power is used for this heavy work now? 7. What part of the work was done by the "pitchers," the "feeder," the "stackers"? 8. Why was the work of the driver hard? Why did it require skill? 9. What does the author tell us about the appetites of the men? Were they fed well? 10. How did they spend the time after supper? 11. What shows the friendliness of all these people? 12. Which scenes in the story do you like best? Which remind you of "Snow-Bound"?

For Study with the Glossary: Dramatic, festivity, coulee, silhouette, entranced, gnomes, granary, prodigious, concave, marvellous, premonitions.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The arrival of the threshing machine. 2. The sounds and sights of the day. 3. The dinner hour. 4. The rest period. 5. Interesting work that I have seen (or done).

AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENTS

Every country is inclined to look with pride on its own especial achievements, and often to think of them as greater than they really are. We Americans have been called boastful; and it must be admitted that, in our satisfaction with what we have done, we have often overlooked the big deeds of other nations. Still, it may easily be shown that we have played a big part in developing the civilization of our own time. Our republic is the oldest in the world, and no country has more safety, more freedom, and more opportunities for its people. We have won the good will of other nations by fair and generous dealing with them. Our sense of the nation's honor does not lie in setting our heels on the necks of other peoples; we think it more honorable to treat them fairly. We have made education free for all; and very few indeed of our people have not learned at least to read and write. We have grown rich, but we have been generous with our wealth, both as individuals and as a nation. And we are, let us hope, not too well satisfied with ourselves to go on improving in all these good things.

Our most striking triumphs have, perhaps, been in the conquest, through science, ingenuity, and industry of the forces of nature. That is, we have excelled in invention and in big constructive work. The laying of the Atlantic cable was an American scheme, carried out in spite of the greatest difficulties, by a group of Americans and with the help of a few Englishmen. A great railway, thrown three

thousand miles across the continent, while all the central part was not yet settled, hastened the building up of the country. The telegraph was an American invention. So were the cotton gin, the sewing machine, the harvester, the revolving printing press, the linotype, the telephone, the phonograph, the aëroplane, — and even the submarine.

Think for a moment what each of these means for the wealth and comfort of the world. The cotton gin, a machine by which the seeds can be rapidly separated from the cotton, makes it possible to produce cotton by the millions of tons every year, and so to make cotton abundant and cheap. The sewing machine has also increased the abundance and the cheapness of our clothing. The harvester, which cuts and binds the ripe grain rapidly and cheaply, does the work of many men; thus it increases our food supply, and releases men for other work. The telegraph and telephone make possible the transmission of news and the interchange of ideas, for business or social purposes, in a fraction of the time that letters or travel would require. All the world is admitted in a few minutes, or a few hours at most, to a share in its news; for the cable, the swift linotype, and the revolving printing press can bring out for sale on our city streets papers that tell of what happened in Europe or China only an hour or two before. The aëroplane, a real flying machine, heavier than air and yet capable of carrying passengers and freight in rapid flight, now developing and improving rapidly, is certain to play a big part in the world.

This is rather a good list, is it not? Of the other great inventions that have changed the modern world and are

known to every one, the use of steam for motor power is English, the gasoline engine is French, and wireless telegraphy is Italian. And these, with the American inventions named above, are the discoveries that have added most to our wealth, comfort, safety, and pleasure. The submarine, also, is an American invention which may yet be used for good, though it has been employed in war by one nation in a cruel and cowardly way.

In operations that require courage, energy, and big planning America has a fine record of achievement. It was an American, Robert E. Peary, who, after many attempts by himself and a long line of other adventurous spirits before him, finally reached the North Pole. It was American enterprise that made the Panama Canal, and saved thousands of miles for ships sailing from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. Our cities are famous for their "sky-scrapers," huge buildings from twenty to fifty stories high, which save valuable ground space in the busy and crowded portions of our cities.

Most of these things have been done within the lifetime of the old men who are still living; and many of the most wonderful of them, like the aëroplane and wireless telegraphy, belong to the present century. It would seem that invention must have reached its limit. But thoughtful men say we are only at the beginnings. They expect to see many desert places of the earth made fertile, and dangerous tropical countries made healthful for civilized races; American medical men have discovered the cause of yellow fever and malaria, and the means of stamping them out. We shall see a big development of power from our streams and rivers,

where most of it now runs on unprofitably to the sea; great reservoirs and dams will store up the water of our big rivers, instead of letting it go by in waste and destruction in the flood season, and even the tides on our coast may be harnessed, to light and warm our houses and run our factories. There will be solar engines, run by the power of the sun's rays in hot climates. Such machines have, indeed, already been built and operated; at Los Angeles, California, one was set to work pumping water! We may see most of our coal burned at the mines, and the power sent to us on wires to be converted back to light and heat in our houses hundreds of miles away. Think of what this will save in labor, expense, inconvenience, and dirt! We shall see our forests better cared for, and new forests established, our farms made richer, our orchards more productive. We shall see better care of the health, more comfortable conditions of labor and of living, a sounder, a stronger, and a happier people. And shall we not add a *better* people? Many of these and other things are the tasks, and the opportunities, for you, the boys and girls who are now coming forward on the stage of life.

In the next selection is told the story of the laying of the cable across the Atlantic. It was a bold idea, carried out with courage and persistence under great difficulties.

HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLE WAS LAID

In 1853 an interesting scheme was brought to my attention. It was an attempt to resuscitate an enterprise that had been begun and had broken down, to carry a line of telegraph to Newfoundland — including a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence — and at St. John's to connect with a line of steamers to Ireland, by which the time of communication might be reduced to five days.

The project did not seem to me very formidable. It was no more difficult to carry a line to St. John's on this side than to some point on the Irish coast. But was this all that could be done?

Beside me in the library was a globe which I began to turn over to study the relative positions of Newfoundland and Ireland. Suddenly the thought flashed upon me, "Why not carry the line across the Atlantic?"

That was the first moment that the idea ever entered my mind. It came as a vision of the night, and never left me, until thirteen years after, the dream was fulfilled.

It is very easy to draw a line on a map or a globe, but quite another to measure out all the distances by land and sea. As I could not undertake it alone, I looked about for a few strong men to give it support.

My next door neighbor was Peter Cooper, whose name is justly held in honor for his simple, noble life, and his great generosity to his native city. He had a genius for mechanics, as he showed by constructing one of the first

locomotives in this country. Though an old man, he had not grown so conservative as to think that there was nothing new to be done in the world.

He was the first to join the enterprise, and stood by it through all its fortunes to the end. That helped me to enlist Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, together with my brother, Mr. David Dudley Field — six of us in all — who made up the little company that undertook the telegraph to Newfoundland, as preliminary to the larger undertaking of crossing the ocean itself. Mr. White died a few months later, and his place was taken by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt.

The title of "The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" indicated the full scope of the design. As soon as we had organized, three of us, Mr. White, my brother and myself, started for Newfoundland to get a charter, which we obtained after some weeks' negotiation, giving us for fifty years the exclusive right to land a submarine cable upon those shores.

Now the work began in earnest. The first thing we had to do was to build a line of telegraph four hundred miles long through an uninhabited country, cutting our way through the forests, climbing hills, plunging into swamps, and crossing rivers.

When we came to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had our first experience in laying a submarine cable. It was but a short line, less than a hundred miles long, and yet we failed even in that; and the attempt had to be renewed the following year, when it was successful.

Of course we felt a great satisfaction that we had got so far. We had crossed the land, but could we cross the sea? As we stood upon the cliffs of Newfoundland and looked off upon the great deep, we saw that our greatest task was still before us.

For this we had been preparing by preliminary investigations. Before we could embark in an enterprise of which there had been no example, we must know about the ocean itself, into which we were to venture. We had sailed over it, but who knew what was under it? The cable must be on the bottom; and what sort of bottom was it? Smooth and even, or rugged as Switzerland, now sinking into deep abysses, and then rising in mountain chains over which the cable must hang suspended, to be swept to and fro by the deep undercurrents of the ocean?

Fortunately just then careful soundings by English and American navigators showed that the ocean bed was one vast plain, broader than the steppes of Siberia or the prairies of America, reaching nearly from shore to shore; and in their surprise and joy the discoverers christened it the "telegraphic plateau," so much did it seem like a special conformation of the globe for the service of man.

Giving it that name, however, did not prove that a cable could be laid across it. The mechanical difficulty alone was enormous. Men had stretched heavy chains across rivers as booms to bar the passage of ships, but who ever dreamed of a chain over two thousand miles long?

If it could be drawn out to such a length, would it not fall in pieces by its own weight? Suppose all went well,

and it should hold together long enough to be got safely overboard, and to be dropped in the ooze of the ocean bed, what would it be good for?

There rose the scientific difficulty: Could an electric current be sent through it? The fact that a cable had been laid across the British Channel, so that it was possible to telegraph from Dover to Calais, was no proof that a current could be sent across the whole breadth of the Atlantic.

To get an answer to this question, we appealed to the greatest authorities in both countries. Morse said, "Yes, it can be done." So said Faraday; and when I asked the old man, "How long will it take for the current to pass from shore to shore?" he answered, "Possibly one second."

Such words of cheer put us in good heart and hope, and yet the only final and absolute test was that of experiment. And a very costly experiment it must be.

To make such a cable as we required, and to lay it at the bottom of the sea, would cost six hundred thousand pounds sterling — three millions of dollars! Where was all that money to come from? Who would invest in such an enterprise?

I went from city to city, addressing chambers of commerce and other financial bodies in England and the United States. All listened with respect, but such was the general incredulity that men were slow to subscribe. To show my faith by my works, I took one fourth of the whole capital myself. And so at last with the help of a few, the necessary sum was secured and the work begun.

The year 1857 saw the cable on board of two ships furnished by the Governments of England and the United States; but these ships were hardly more than three hundred miles from the coast of Ireland when the cable broke, and they had to return. So ended the first expedition.

The next year we tried again and thought we could diminish the difficulty and the danger by beginning in the middle of the Atlantic and there splicing the cable, when the two ships should sail eastward and westward until they should land the two ends on the opposite shores. This plan was carried out. They reached mid-ocean, and splicing the cables together, the ships bore away for Ireland and Newfoundland, but had not gone a hundred miles before the cable broke. Several times we tried it with the same result. Then a storm arose, in which one of the ships, the Agamemnon, came near foundering; and at last all were glad to get safely back again into the shelter of an English port.

I went to London to attend a meeting of the Board of Directors. It was not a very cheerful meeting. On every face was a look of disappointment. Some thought that we had done everything that brave men could do, and that now it was time to stop. To make another attempt was folly and madness. So strong was this feeling that when the more resolute of us talked of renewing the attempt, the vice-president rose and left the room.

It was then that we took courage from despair. We had failed already; we could not do worse than fail again!

There was a possibility of success; it was indeed a forlorn hope, but we could try it.

Again the ships put to sea, but there was little enthusiasm, for there were few in either hemisphere who expected anything but a repetition of our former experience. Such was the state of the public mind, when on the 5th of August, 1858, it was suddenly flashed over the country that the Niagara had reached Newfoundland, while the Agamemnon had reached Ireland, so that the expedition was a complete success.

The revulsion of feeling was all the greater from the previous despondency, and for a few weeks everybody was wild with excitement. Then the messages grew fewer and fainter, till at last they ceased altogether. The voices of the sea were dumb.

Then came a reaction. Many felt that they had been deceived, and that no messages had ever crossed the Atlantic. Others, while admitting that there had been a few broken messages, yet concluded from the sudden failure that a deep-sea cable must be subject to such interruptions, that it could never be relied upon as a means of communication between the continents.

A year or two later a company was formed to construct a land line along the Western coast of America, with the design that from the far northwestern coast it should be strung along from one stepping stone to another, by the Aleutian Islands, till it should come within easy distance of Siberia, the whole breadth of which must be crossed. Thus Europe might at last be reached by way of Asia!

This vast undertaking was actually begun and carried forward with great energy till it was stopped in mid-career by the success of the Atlantic Cable; but for this we had to wait seven long years. Our country was plunged in a tremendous civil war and had not time to think of the enterprises of peace.

In these years ocean telegraphy had made great progress. Other facilities we found that we had not before. The Great Eastern, which from its enormous bulk had proved too unwieldy for ordinary commerce, was the only ship afloat that could carry the heavy cable; the whole was coiled within her sides, and with the mighty burden of twenty tons she put to sea.

Never had there been such a prospect of success. For twelve hundred miles she rode the sea in triumph, till in a sudden lurch of the ship the cable snapped, and once more all our hopes were

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

For one whole month we hung over the spot, trying to raise the cable, but in vain; and again we took our "melancholy way" back across the waters which had been the scene of so many failures.

This last disaster upset all our calculations. Our cable was broken and our money was gone, and we must begin all over again.

Fresh capital had to be raised to the amount of six hundred thousand pounds. That single lurch of the ship cost us millions of dollars and the delay of another year.

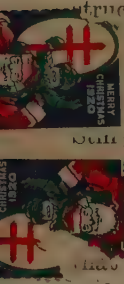
But time brings round all things, and the next year, 1866, the Great Eastern, laden with a new burden, once more swung her mighty hulk out on the bosom of the Atlantic. For fourteen days she bore steadily to the west while we kept up our communication with the old world that we had left behind.

Toward the end of the voyage we watched for land as Columbus watched for the first sign of a new world. At length, on July 27th, we cast anchor in Trinity Bay in the little harbor of Heart's Content, that seemed to have been christened in anticipation of the joy of that hour.

All the ship's crew joined to lift the heavy shore end off the Great Eastern into the boats, and then to drag it up to the beach to the telegraph house, where every signal was answered from Ireland, not in broken utterances as with the old cable, but clearly and distinctly, as a man talks with his friend; and we knew that the problem was solved, and that telegraphic communication was firmly established between the old world and the new. But our work was not quite ended. There was the last year's cable with its broken end lying in the depths of the sea. As soon as the work of unloading the Great Eastern was done, she bore away to grapple for the lost cable.

Captain Moriarty had, with Captain Anderson, taken most exact observations at the spot where the cable broke in 1865, and they were so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys, for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars, so that no man could take an observation.

These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flagstaff on it, so that it would be seen by day, and a lantern by night. Thus having taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little bit awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it, and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was of formidable size. It was made of rope twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on bottom, two miles under us. But it was a very slow process. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for minutes — a long slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of ocean's bed — but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea.



This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally on the last night of August, we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning that we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours!

The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it; yet not a word was spoken; only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it — to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electrician's room to see if our long sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling, long pent up, burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man and was heard down in the engine room, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind arose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electrician's room, a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean telling me that those so dear to me were well.

In looking back over these eventful years, I wonder how we had the courage to carry it through in the face of so many defeats and of almost universal unbelief. A hundred times I reproached myself for persisting in what seemed beyond the power of man. And again there came a feeling, that, having begun, I could not turn back; at any cost I must see it through.

At last God gave us the victory. And now, as we see its results, all who had a part in it must feel rewarded for their labors and their sacrifices.

That iron chain at the bottom of the sea is a link to bind nations together. The magnetic currents that pass and repass are but the symbols and the instruments of the invisible yet mighty currents of human affection that, as they pass to and fro, touch a thousand chords of love and sympathy, and thus bring into nearer, closer and sweeter relations the separated members of the one great family of mankind.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

HELPS TO STUDY

Peter Cooper (1791–1883), an American manufacturer, inventor, and philanthropist. He founded Cooper Union, a free school in New York for the teaching of science, mechanics, and art. Samuel F. B. Morse (1791–1872), an American artist and inventor. He invented the telegraph in 1832, and brought it to successful action in 1843. Michael Faraday (1791–1867), a famous English scientist, who made important discoveries in electricity. Cyrus W. Field (1819–1892) had made a fortune in the paper business in New York, hence was able in part to finance his enterprise of laying the cable. His ability and his persistence are

well illustrated in this famous story. The Great Eastern was a steamship of 19,000 tons, built in England in 1858. Ships are now built of more than 40,000 tons capacity.

1. When and how did Field get the idea of laying an Atlantic cable? 2. What difficulties did he have to meet? 3. How did most people regard his scheme? 4. Where did he get financial help? 5. What misfortunes did he encounter? 6. How many times did he fail? 7. What interrupted the work for a time? 8. When was it finally completed? 9. Describe the grappling for the lost cable. 10. Of what value has his enterprise been to us?

Phrases: Forlorn hope, an almost hopeless chance; revulsion of feeling, a violent change from one feeling to its opposite, as from despair to joy; bore away, sailed away; magnetic currents, electric currents.

For Study with the Glossary: Resuscitate, preliminary, steppes, plateau, incredulity, resolute, despondency, lurch, grapnel, symbols.

For Oral and Written Composition: 1. The value of the telegraph. 2. Some famous invention (as the telephone, the aëroplane, or some other). 3. How science has changed modern life. 4. Imagine the world without the telegraph; or without locomotives, or without some other important invention now in common use.

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human-kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

From JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S *Commemoration Ode.*

HELPS TO STUDY

As the years have gone on, the fame of Lincoln has grown, not only in the North and South, but in Europe. His wisdom, his patience, and his courage were of the greatest; but what has endeared him to us most is his great kindliness. During the Civil War he was never heard to refer to his enemies, the Confederates, in an unkind way. His courtesy and simplicity even with all the humble people he met remained always the same. This selection is taken from an Ode read at Harvard at the dedication of Commemoration Hall, a building erected to the memory of Harvard men who had died in the war.

1. Why "Martyr Chief"? 2. What is a "world-honored urn"? 3. In what ways was Lincoln a new kind of hero? 4. How was he "a shepherd of mankind"? 5. Why was he trusted? 6. What does Lowell say about his will? 7. Why was his mind not like a "mountain-peak," but like "broad level prairies"? 8. What leads Lowell to call him "the first American"?

Phrases: Cheat of birth, unfair advantage by the accident of birth; wisdom of sincerity, it is wise to be sincere; thwart her genial will, to interfere with her kindly intent or purpose.

For Study with the Glossary: Serf, peer, Plutarch, innative, sagacious.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle thrills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here, captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead!

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still:
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done:
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

Just after the Civil War ended, Lincoln, who had guided the nation through this critical period with a strong and kindly hand, was shot while witnessing a play in a theater in Washington. The deep grief of the nation was expressed in many ways, but in no form so widely known as this poem of Walt Whitman's. Whitman had spent most of his time during the war in visiting and cheering the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Washington. He had met Lincoln and admired him for his wisdom and his humanity.

The poem compares Lincoln — though his name does not occur in the poem — to a captain who has brought his ship safely into port through a rough and dangerous passage, only to die himself at the end of the voyage.

Almost all of Whitman's poems are written without rhyme and in irregular meter; they are so different from other poetry that one knows a Whitman poem as soon as he sees it. But here the meter is regular, and the rhyme scheme holds for all the lines except the third and fourth of the first stanza and the first half of the second stanza. 1. What does the ship represent? What experiences has it been through? Tell exactly what this means. 2. For what is there rejoicing? What does this mean? 3. What contrast is there between the first half and the second in each of the first two stanzas? 4. What is there in the *form* of the stanzas that helps you to feel the contrast? 5. The poet writes as if he alone felt grief: could this be true? Or could it mean that his own grief is so great that he can think of nothing else?

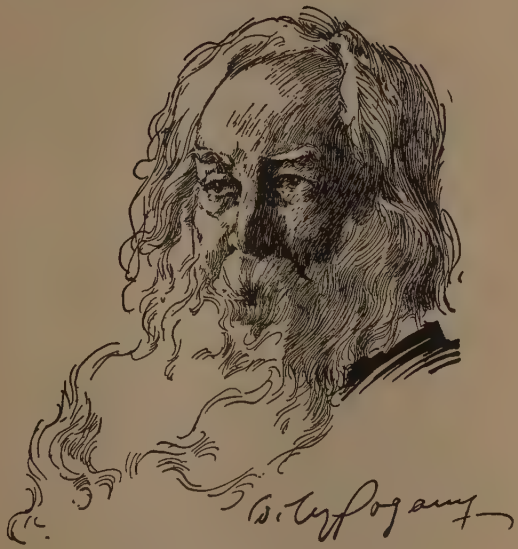
WHITMAN

Walt Whitman (1819–1892) was born on Long Island, of Quaker parents. His boyhood was spent on the farm, and he later worked as carpenter, printer, and journalist. During one winter he drove a stage on Broadway, New York, in order to keep the position and the money for the regular driver, who was sick. He loved to wander about the streets and wharves of the great city, seeing the crowds and making friends with every one, especially with the ordinary workmen. He found something to be liked and admired in every one.

When the Civil War came he went to Washington to help nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. To him, Union and Confederate soldiers were alike. They were brave men, each fighting for what he thought was the right, and each in need of help and sympathy. He sat up with them, wrote letters for them, brought them flowers and fruit, and cheered them in every way. When he would leave the hospital, there would be calls from all around: "Come again, Walt, come again!"

His health broke under the strain, though he partly recovered. He grew gray early in life, and used to be called "the good, gray poet." He spent the later years of his life in Camden, N. J.

There is not much of his poetry that you would care for now. Later, when you have grown older and have read more, you will appreciate some of it very much.



WHITMAN

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
  Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory, or death!"

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dead fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongue resound
  Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from War its richest spoil —
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
For Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds yon glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

HELPS TO STUDY

Theodore O'Hara was born in Kentucky in 1820, and died in 1867. He had served as a soldier in the Mexican war. This poem was written to celebrate the removal to Kentucky in 1847 of the bodies of the soldiers who had fallen in Mexico. 1. What does the "muffled drum" suggest to you? 2. What is "Fame's eternal camping ground"? 3. What common experiences of war are mentioned in the second and fourth stanzas? 4. In the third stanza, where is the custom of burying a soldier in the flag referred to? 5. In the third and fourth stanzas, explain each descriptive adjective. 6. In the fifth stanza, which side is compared to the Northern hurricane? 7. *Who*, in this stanza, means *whoever*, or *those who*. To whom would it refer, to the Americans or to the Mexicans? 8. What stanza refers to the circumstances that led to the writing of this poem? 9. "The Dark and Bloody Ground" was a name given to Kentucky during the Civil War. 10. Where does the poet speak of our wish to honor our brave dead? What other literature have you read which expresses this feeling?

To be Studied with the Glossary: Bivouac, tattoo, martial shroud, pensive lay, spoil, sepulcher, impious, hallowed, minstrel, remorseless.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

The speaker has drawn for you of the North, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dread-

ing death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins; his farm devastated; his slaves free; his stock killed; his barns empty; his trade destroyed; his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain; and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering; and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

HENRY W. GRADY.

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection is from an address, now famous, on The New South. The author was a brilliant editor of one of the South's best newspapers, published in Atlanta. The tribute he pays to the courage and sincerity of the Southern soldier, and the picture he draws of the hard conditions he faced when he returned to his home after the war, are not overdone. The opening sentences are explained by the fact that the address was delivered at a banquet of the New England Society, and after a speech by some one who was thinking, it would seem, more of the victory won by the North than of the grief and suffering caused by the war in both North and South.

The phrase " pomp and circumstance of war " is adapted from Shakespeare's line, " Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The picture that follows is what civilized people now think of war, — not of its glory.

1. In what condition did the Confederate soldier return to his home? What did he find there? 2. Name the various kinds of losses that he had to set about repairing. 3. What was the most difficult problem of all? 4. How did he set to work at his great tasks? 5. How has he succeeded?

To be studied with the Glossary: Feudal, traditions, status, liberated, restoration, prostrate, evolution, verdict.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,

And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall, —
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard-sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

HELPS TO STUDY

The first four lines of this poem are the best known; they are, indeed, the best part of the poem.

1. Explain the first stanza, by reference to the design and color of our flag. 2. The tenth line of this stanza gives a hint of the fancy carried out in the second stanza. What is it? 3. What things does the third stanza say the flag means to the soldier? 4. Who are meant in the fourth stanza?

To be studied with the Glossary: Azure, baldric, celestial, symbol, hover, harbinger, careering, welkin.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

HELPS TO STUDY

The scene of this poem is the Crimean War, between England and Russia. Which stanza best expresses the spirit of the entire poem? Choose the stanzas you like best, and commit them to memory.

To be studied with the Glossary: Anthem, mortars.

LEARNING THE USE OF LIBERTY

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him unto his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of

bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

From MACAULAY'S *Essay on Milton.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Ariosto was a famous Italian poet. The story here referred to has been told in many forms in many places.

1. What is Ariosto's story? 2. To what does Macaulay apply it? 3. What does the application mean? How can Liberty "take the form of a hostile reptile"? 4. How are the faults of newly acquired freedom to be remedied? 5. How is liberty likened to the light one sees on coming out of the dark? 6. How do men learn to correct the evils that at first come from liberty? 7. What abuses of liberty have you ever heard of or read of?

To be studied with the Glossary: Participation, loathsome, grovel, discriminate, remand, coalesce.

Phrases: house of bondage, violence of opinions, self-evident proposition.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry.
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here,

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Contrast the past and the present scenes on the battlefield. How many stanzas are given to each picture? 2. In the fifth stanza, who do you think is meant by "those"? Is it we, the readers of the poem? 3. What "harder strife" is the poet speaking of? 4. Can you think of any famous men or band of men who have struggled to establish some truth? 5. Who are meant by the "wild and many-weaponed throng"? 6. Which side will win the victory? 7. Commit the ninth stanza to memory. It is one of the bits that everybody is expected to know. Tell clearly what it means. 8. What will happen in the battle for the truth when we are gone? Will it cease, or go on? Read the answer to this in the poem. 9. Where, or in what, is the real battle of the world?

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No. MEN! high-minded men —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
These constitute a state.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

13

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen. But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of cold water; the world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields be invoked in its defense. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous

tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death.

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature — not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton — not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown — but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. . . .

To this great work let me summon you. That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in happy isles or in a new para-

dise shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the past from their fiery sepulchres demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war crying from the ground demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers "peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era. Lift high the gates and let the King of glory in — the King of true glory, of peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty —

"And let the whole world be filled with his glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country. The temple of honor shall be surrounded by the temple of concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. And now, on this Sabbath of our country, let us lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

CHARLES SUMNER.

HELPS TO STUDY

Charles Sumner was an eminent American statesman of the last century, a member of the Senate most of the period between 1850 and 1870. His ideas on the real greatness of a nation are accepted more and more by the most highly civilized countries. Military glory, the conquest by force and bloodshed of other peoples, seemed to him a relic of barbarism.

1. Why do the gentler virtues, if seen in war, receive our praise? 2. What instances of such virtue does he cite? 3. Sir Philip Sidney lived in Shakespeare's day. How long ago was that? 4. Why do we not need war for a chance to display virtues? 5. What disgraceful record soils the pages of history? To what does Sumner compare it? 6. In what does he hope the grandeur of man will in future be displayed? 7. What action of Washington was nobler than his victories? 8. What sort of golden future does he hope for? Do you ever hear this hope expressed now? Do good and wise people still think it may be realized? 9. What people should work to bring about enduring peace? 10. Explain "war is the last reason of kings." 11. What monument to peace did Ancient Greece maintain? 12. From what source is the last part of the next to the last paragraph? 13. The "truce of God" means a just and kindly peace over the earth. What should we do to bring it about? 14. When nations have war forced upon them, what should be their objects in such war? See how President Wilson answers this question in the last selection in this book.

To be Studied with the Glossary: Luxuriance, unwonted, discern, squadron, fenny, consecrated, invoked, nectar, sepulchres, sanctuary, renounce, adamant, cestus.

Phrases: Oriental imagery, faithless soldiery, happy isles, patriotic ardor, pervasive influence, ampler ether, King of glory, truce of God.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN

What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps

the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest;* can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. — This is an American.

From CRÈVECŒUR'S *Letters of an American Farmer.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection is taken from *Letters of an American Farmer*, a book descriptive of America and attempting to express the spirit of life in America, which was published in 1782. Its author was a Frenchman of a noble family, who was educated first in France, then in England, and came finally to make his home in America. Although the book was published before the Revolution was over, he seems to have written most of the book before that war began; for he makes only one reference to it.

Perhaps we may understand from the following quotation the attitude of the enlightened Englishman toward America at the time of the close of the Revolution. Perhaps it also reveals the attitude of the enlightened Frenchman of that time. The quotation is a part of the chapter from which the selection, *What is an American,* is taken.

"I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure."

1. What instance does he cite of the mixture of blood in this country? 2. How has this become "the country" of the European immigrant? 3. How does he answer his own question, *What is an American?* 4. How would you answer the question to-day? 5. What are the obligations of a European who has shared the protection of our laws?

To be Studied: *Alma Mater*, foster mother; exuberant, rich, abundant; penury, poverty.

AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITIES

Inaugural Address, March 4, 1905

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties

to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other Powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now

face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this Republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, re-

mains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this Republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this Republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HELPS TO STUDY

Theodore Roosevelt (pronounced Rōz-velt), was born in New York in 1858, and died in 1919. No American of his day was so widely known, not only here but throughout the world. As author, political reformer, president, naturalist, and explorer he has accomplished an amount of work which few men could hope to equal. His writings on public affairs, on big-game hunting and exploring, and on historical events and characters fill about twenty volumes. His public life, as police commissioner of New York City, governor of his state, and president of the United States, was a constant fight for honesty and "the square deal" in politics.

He used to say that his abilities were only those of the ordinary man; and that he had developed them by sheer will-power and persistence. He was, in fact, a man of great ability, and of remarkable quickness and versatility. His energy and will-power were extraordinary. He developed himself from a rather frail boy into a vigorous man. He learned to ride, to shoot, to box; he lived a clean, wholesome, active life. He studied hard, and knew much about many things, especially science, politics, law, and history. Few men of his day could talk on so wide a range of subjects.

As governor and president, he was not only the fearless and uncompromising foe of all slackness and dishonesty, but he saw things in a large way. He looked not only at the interests of his own country, but, as the foregoing extract shows, at the interests of mankind. This broader vision marks the difference between the politician and the statesman.

Many of his phrases have become familiar to everybody: "the big stick," "the square deal," "the peace of righteousness," "the strenuous life," will long be associated with his name. And the one doctrine that he most often preached in his speeches and his writings is, that it is not enough to mean well and to have good intentions: we must work, struggle, and even be willing to fight, in order to make the good prevail; a good man is useless, or worse, if he is weak, lazy, or cowardly.

1. For what have we as a people to be thankful? 2. To what conditions of effort and struggle does he refer? 3. What should be our attitude towards other nations? 4. What changes in our midst have brought new problems? Can you name some of these problems? 5. Why is it important to others, as well as to ourselves, that our experiment in free government should succeed? 6. Quote some passage to show that he thinks we shall succeed. 7. You might now get Lowell's essay on *Democracy* and see in what respects it agrees with this selection.

HOW DEMOCRACY MAKES KINDLINESS

Democracy has not only taught the Americans how to use liberty without abusing it, and how to secure equality; it has also taught them fraternity. That word has gone out of fashion in the Old World, and no wonder, considering what was done in its name in 1793, considering also that it still figures in the program of assassins. Nevertheless there is in the United States a sort of kindliness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man, stronger than anywhere in the Old World, and certainly stronger than in the upper or middle classes of England, France, or Germany. The natural impulse of every citizen in America is to respect every other citizen, and to feel that citizenship constitutes a certain ground of respect. The idea of each man's equal rights is so fully realized that the rich or powerful man feels it no indignity to take his turn among the crowd, and does not expect any deference from the poorest. An employer of labor has, I think, a keener sense of his duty to those whom he employs than employers have in Europe. He has certainly a greater sense of responsibility for the use of his wealth. The number of gifts for benevolent and other public purposes, the number of educational, artistic, literary, and scientific foundations, is larger than even in England, the wealthiest and most liberal of European countries. Wealth is generally felt to be a trust, and exclusiveness condemned

not merely as indicative of selfishness, but as a sort of offence against the public. No one, for instance, thinks of shutting up his pleasure-grounds; he seldom even builds a wall round them, but puts up low railings in a palisade, so that the sight of his trees and shrubs is enjoyed by the passers-by. That any one should be permitted, either by opinion or by law to seal up many square miles of beautiful mountain country against tourists or artists is to the ordinary American almost incredible. Such things are to him the marks of a land still groaning under feudal tyranny.

It may seem strange to those who know how difficult European states have generally found it to conduct negotiations with the government of the United States, and who are accustomed to read in European newspapers the defiant utterances which American politicians address from Congress to the effete monarchies of the Old World, to be told that this spirit of fraternity has its influence on international relations also. Nevertheless, if we look not at the irresponsible orators, who play to the lower feelings of a section of the people, but at the general sentiment of the whole people, we shall recognize that democracy makes both for peace and for justice as between nations. Despite the admiration for military exploits which the Americans have sometimes shown, no country is at bottom more pervaded by a hatred of war, and a sense that national honor stands rooted in national fair dealing. The nation is often misrepresented by its statesmen, but although it allows them to say irritating things and advance unreasonable claims, it has not for more than forty years permitted them to abuse its enormous

strength, as most European nations possessed of similar strength have in time past abused theirs.

From James Bryce's *American Commonwealth.*

HELPS TO STUDY

There have been many books written by foreigners after visiting the United States. Some, like the *American Note-Book* by Dickens, have been bitter and insulting, some have been full of praise that we scarcely deserve, and very few have shown that the authors understand us; — that is, if we rightly understand ourselves. But among those that seem to indicate real understanding of us, of the spirit of our national life, of our government with its virtues and its faults, and of the character of the people, perhaps the best is Bryce's *American Commonwealth.* Lord Bryce was the English ambassador here for a long time, and only recently retired, because of old age. While he held this important office he showed the same fairness, courtesy, and high ability that appear in his book.

1. What is the main idea of the first paragraph? Of the second? Where is each stated? 2. What does he mean by saying the word Fraternity has gone out of fashion in the Old World since 1793 (the date of the French Revolution)? 3. Assassins: This is in reference to the Russian anarchists, with whose *method*, by murder, Bryce had no sympathy. He wrote this in 1885. 4. In what ways do Americans show a spirit of fraternity? 5. How does Bryce explain it? 6. What has been our record towards other nations? 7. Bryce does not seem to respect all our Congressmen. Why not? 8. Explain the reference to "forty years" in the last sentence.

To be studied with the Glossary: Indignity, deference, foundations, effete.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS

April 2, 1917

. . . . . .

The new policy of Germany has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accom-

plished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside, under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the wind all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world. I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation,

but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

. . . . . .

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

. . . . . .

Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of

an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it

or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

. . . . . .

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies, and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States. Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish

designs of a government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that government entertains no real friendship for us, and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied

when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early re-establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, — however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift

it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

Soon after the beginning of the Great War in Europe, it became evident that the interests of the United States might be deeply involved. In January, 1915, a German cruiser sank an American ship because it was carrying grain to England. In May, 1915, a German submarine sank the *Lusitania*, a giant English steamship, carrying passengers of many

nationalities. Over a hundred Americans were drowned by this criminal action. Attacks were made upon other American vessels, with loss of lives. To all the protests of our Government, the German Government made answers that were insolent and dishonest. The President's threat of breaking off relations between the two countries led the German Government, in the summer of 1916, to pledge itself to cease its unlawful warfare at sea. This pledge the German Government broke in December of the same year, and announced that it would sink all vessels attempting to reach England and France. Meanwhile the German Government had been guilty of many other hostile acts towards us. It had spies here, even in the diplomatic offices, who were endangering our lives, our property, and our relations with other countries. It had even tried to embroil us in a war with Mexico and Japan. Since the beginning of the war also, the German Government and the German army had profoundly shocked the moral sense of this country by its record of appalling crimes against innocent people. In February, 1917, the President dismissed the German ambassador, and on April 2 he asked Congress to recognize that Germany was making war upon the United States. The reasons for this action are set forth clearly and forcibly in his address to Congress.

1. The " new policy of Germany " refers to her announced intention of sinking all vessels attempting to reach England and France, without saving the lives of crews or passengers. No nation had, for centuries, done anything so illegal and so barbarous. What part of the Address describes this action? 2. How has international law been built up? 3. How does Germany's action violate such law? 4. Why was the President slow to believe Germany would do such things? 5. Who, besides ourselves, are concerned in this matter? 6. In what form is the recommendation to declare war made? 7. What is our object in declaring war? 8. Why must neutrality be abandoned? 9. How does the President seek to excuse the German people, as distinguished from the German Government? 10. What kind of government has Germany? 11. Why cannot secret plans for war against neighboring nations be

worked out in a democracy? 12. Why can a government like that of Germany not even be admitted to a partnership for keeping peace? 13. What is said of Germany's spy system among us? 14. What was in the intercepted note to the German Minister in Mexico? 15. "The world must be made safe for democracy." Remember this phrase: It explains why this country joined in the war. 16. What hope is expressed as to our future relations with the German people? 17. How are we advised to treat the loyal Americans of German origin? 18. "God helping her, she can do no other." When Martin Luther, a German priest of the fifteenth century, took his stand against his church, he used these words: "Here I stand. God help me; I cannot do otherwise."

To be studied with the Glossary: Destination, proscribed, retaliation, legitimate, tragical, feasible, dislocate, instigation, extirpate, indemnities, animus, fealty, allegiance, malignant.

Phrases: Minimum of right, scruples of humanity, moderation of counsel, temperateness of judgment, status of belligerent, concert of purpose, critical posture of affairs, criminal intrigues, gage of battle, nullify its pretensions, running amuck.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly. What to do! Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the

vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio." Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be intrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders,

and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!" To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at

home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village — in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly — the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

ELBERT HUBBARD.

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HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was heroic in Rowan's action? 2. What is meant here by "imbecility"? 3. Do you agree that "one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple"? Why? 4. Name some men or women in history or literature who have, in your opinion, "carried the message to Garcia."

Elbert Hubbard's early life was very exciting; he was successively a cowboy, a printer, a salesman, a teacher, a factory manager. He tramped through the West, and traveled on foot through most of Europe. To make at least one country village an attractive place for boys and girls, where they would learn a useful handicraft and not be lured to the cities, was his ideal in founding the Roycroft Shops at East Aurora, New York. The principal work is printing, illuminating, and binding books. The Roycrofters also do ornamental blacksmithing, cabinet work, clay-modeling, etc. Mr. Hubbard's best-known books are the "Little Journeys" series. He wrote many newspaper editorials and much clever advertising matter, and he lectured frequently. He died on the *Lusitania* in 1915, when he was fifty-nine years old.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highbred kinsmen came
And bore her away from me.
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you know any of Poe's stories? What have they in common with this poem? 2. Who do you think the "highborn kinsmen" were? 3. Put in your own words Poe's reason for being sure that the love he describes is stronger than death itself.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was one of the greatest American poets. He cared for the artistic perfection of his work; his poetry has therefore distinction of form and melody. His works, in the Virginia edition, comprise sixteen volumes. Most of these are the fantastic short stories, unequaled by any other writer in that field. About many parts of his unhappy life there is mystery.

GLOSSARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The diacritical marks employed are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

An unmarked vowel is a slighted short vowel, usually unaccented.

ā as in fate
ă as in fat
â as in fare
ä as in father

ē as in me
ĕ as in met
ẽ as in her

ī as in bite
ĭ as in bit

ō as in hole
ŏ as in hot
ô as in lost or as in fall

o͞o as in room
o͝o as in foot

ū as in pure
ŭ as in but
û the same as ẽ

d͡ū as in verdure
ŋ (ng) as in think

th as in breathe
t͡ū as in nature

GLOSSARY

abashed (a băsht′), confused, made bashful.
abominations (a bŏm′ĭ nā′shŭnz), hateful or shameful things.
abyss (a bĭs′), a bottomless depth.
acclivity (ăk klĭv′ĭ ty), slope of a hill.
adage (ăd′aj), old saying.
adamant (ăd′a mant), hard rock.
adjudged (ăd jŭj′d′), awarded, decided upon.
Adonis (A dō′nĭs), a beautiful youth loved by Venus, a nature god.
adoration (ăd ō rā′shŭn), religious worship.
adroitness (a droit′ness), ready skill.
advantage, chance.
agility (a jĭl′ĭ ty), the power of moving the limbs quickly.
agitate (ăj′ĭ tāt), to stir, to excite.
agony of conflict, extreme pain of the gladiatorial struggle, p. 270.
agrimony (ăg′rĭ mō nỹ), one of the rose family.
akimbo (ă kĭm′bō), bent (at the elbow).
a lonely bark foundering, a single ship sinking.
ale of father Adam, cold water.
aliment (ăl′ĭ mĕnt), that which nourishes.
all and sundry, all and several (a law term).
allegiance (ăl lē′jans), loyalty to a ruling power.
allurement (ăl lūr′ment), attraction.
alluvium (ăl lū′vĭ ŭm), deposit of sand or mud made by rivers.
Alonzo Pinzon (pēn thōn′), a Spanish navigator, commander of the *Pinta*.
aloof (a lōōf′), apart.
ambassador (ăm băs′sa dĕr), a minister of the highest rank representing his country in a foreign state.
ambuscade (ăm bŭs kād′), a lying concealed ready to attack.
ambush, a hiding place from which to attack.
amiable sex, women.
amphibious (ăm fĭb′ĭ ŭs), able to live both on land and in water.
amphitheater (ăm fĭ thē′ā tĕr, not ăm fĭ thē a′ter), an oval building with rising tiers of seats about an open space called the arena.
an expedient of peace, a means of gaining peace.
anan (a năn′), an interrogation, meaning something has not been understood.
ancient parchments, old documents of the government.
andirons (ănd′ĭ ŭrnz), utensils for supporting wood in a fireplace.
anguish (ăng′gwĭsh), agony.
animus, angry spirit.
anointed children of education, civilized white people.
anonymous (ăn ŏn′ĭ mus), without a name, unknown.
anthem (an′thĕm), a hymn from the Scriptures.
antique majesty (ăn tēk′), lofty dignity combined with great age.
anvils, iron blocks on which metals are hammered.
apathetic (ăp a thĕt′ik), indifferent, without feeling.
apostolic dignity (ăp ŏs tŏl′ik), the dignity worthy of a follower of Christ.
Appalachian (ăp a lăch′ĭ an or ăp a lā chĭ an), a great mountain system in eastern North America.
appalling (ăp pôl′lĭng), terrifying.
apparition (ăp pa rĭsh′un), unnatural appearance, ghost.

appellation (ăp′pel lā′shun), title of honor.
apprehension, fear.
Arabic sentence, a mysterious saying in Arabic language, p. 1.
arcabucero (Spanish är ka bōō thā′rō), a man with a musket.
architecture (är′kĭ tĕk tūr), art of building.
ardent (är′dent), eager-spirited, hot or burning.
ardor of enterprise, enthusiasm of undertaking some bold attempt.
arduous (är′dū ŭs), requiring great exertion.
arena (a rē′na), the sanded area of the amphitheater, place of contest.
argent (är′jent), white on a coat-of-arms, representing silver.
argosy (är′gō sy), a large ship, a merchant vessel.
aromatic (ăr ō măt′ĭk), having a spicy fragrance.
arrant jockey (ăr′rant jŏk′y), a rascally boy who rides horses.
arrogance (ăr′rō gans), insolent haughtiness.
arsenal (är′sē nal), a storehouse for arms and ammunition.
artificer (är tĭf′ĭ sĕr), a skillful workman in some art.
artless, unaffected and sincere.
assiduity (ăs sĭ dū′ĭ ty), close and constant attention to some business.
astral (ăs′tral), a kind of lamp giving a brilliant light.
asunder (a sŭn′dĕr), in two parts.
atoning (a tōn′ing), making satisfaction for wrong.
atrocities (a trŏs′ĭ tĭz), enormous wickednesses.
augmented (awg mĕnt′ed), increased.
august (au gŭst′), creating great respect and admiration.
austere (aws tēr′), severe.
authorized (aw′thŏr iz′d), warranted.
autocratic (aw tō krăt′ĭk), like one who holds supreme power.
avarice (ăv′a rĭs), greed for money.
avowal (a vow′al), open declaration.
awful benediction, this blessing on their heads had filled them with solemn wonder.
Azores (a zōrz′), a group of islands 800 miles west of Portugal.
azure-eyed, with sky-blue eyes.

Babylonish jargon (băb ĭ lōn′ish jär′gon), confused speech. See Genesis XI for the tower of Babel where every one spoke in a different tongue.
baldric, a broad belt.
Baltus (baul′tus), father of Katrina Van Tassel.
Barcan wilderness (bär′kan), a desert in northern Africa.
barometer (ba rŏm′ē tĕr), an instrument for indicating changes in the weather.
bastions (băs′chŭnz), a part of a fortification projecting from the main inclosure.
beguiled (bē gīl′d′), carried them on without their knowledge, p. 13.
belligerent (bĕl lĭj′ĕr ent), warlike.
bemoan (bē mōn′), to mourn for.
benedictions, blessings.
benign (bē nīn′), health-giving.
Berserk (bĕr′sĕrk), a wild warrior of heathen times in Scandinavia.
betrothal (bē trŏth′al), plighting their troth, or the marriage ceremony, p. 119.
beverage (bĕv′ĕr aj), a prepared drink.
bevy (bĕv′ў), an assembly of ladies.
bigoted (bĭg′ŭt ed), narrow-minded, prejudiced in regard to religion or his own party.
bivouac (bĭv′wăk), an encampment for the night.
blanched, white faced.
blazon (blā′z′n), a coat-of-arms.
blind usages, customs with no reasons for existence.
blocks, frames inclosing pulleys for ropes.
bodiced zone, a girl's waist fitted closely with a bodice or outer vest.
bow (bou), the forward part of a vessel.
broadside, a discharge from all the guns on one side of the ship, at once.

brooding, thinking anxiously.
bubble shares, unsubstantial business ventures or holdings.
budget (bŭj'ĕt), stock or collection.
buhl (būl), decorative woodwork inlaid with tortoise shell.
burgher (bûrg'ĕr), an inhabitant of a town.
burnished, polished until shining.
buskins (bŭs'kĭnz), a strong covering for the foot and leg.

calash (ka lăsh'), a kind of hood once worn by women.
callous (kăl'lŭs), hardened.
cameo (kăm'ē ō), a carving in relief used as a jewel.
capacious (ka pā'shŭs), able to contain much.
cap of Mercury, a magic cap of swiftness worn by the messenger of the gods.
caravan (kăr'a văn), a company of travelers equipped for a long journey.
caravel (kăr'a vĕl), a small sailing vessel common in the sixteenth century.
carded wool, wool ready for spinning that has been combed with a toothed brush or card.
careering, flying (p. 372).
category (kăt'ĕ gō ry), class.
Catskill, a town and a mountain range in southeastern New York.
cauldron (kawl'drŭn), a large metal boiler.
cavalcade (kăv'al kād), a procession of horsemen.
cavernous (kăv'ĕrn ŭs), full of deep hollows.
celestial (sē lĕs'chal), belonging to the heavens.
cestus (sĕs'tus), a girdle with magic power.
chalice (chăl'ĭs), a beautiful cup, usually of gold.
chanticleer (chăn'tĭ klēr), a cock (from the French, to chant clearly).
chaos (kā'ŏs), confusion.
chastened (chās's'n'd), purified.
cheat of birth, inheriting power by his birth, as a king does.
chicane (shĭ kān'), trickery.
chivalrous (shĭv'al rŭs), high-spirited, knightly.
choleric (kŏl'ĕr ĭk), inclined to anger.
chronicle (krŏn'ĭ k'l), a narrative of events.
Cipango (sĭ păng'gō), the name given by Marco Polo to Japan.
circumvented (sĕr kŭm vĕnt'ed), gained advantage over.
clapboard (klăb'bōrd), a narrow board used for the outside covering of houses.
clean-winged, a goose-wing was used to brush the hearth, p. 244.
cleave, to stick to or to split apart.
clime, the region for me, p. 293.
clove, stuck to.
coalesce (kō a lĕs'), to unite by growth.
Cognac (kōn'yăk), a French brandy.
cohesion (kō hē'zhŭn), an attraction that holds particles together.
combustible (kŏm bŭs'tĭ b'l), capable of burning easily.
comely (kŭm'lў), good to look upon.
Commentaries of Cæsar (kŏm'en tā riz), Cæsar's records of his military expeditions.
community of privilege, common or equal rights.
competitor (kŏm pĕt'ĭ tĕr), a rival, one who competes.
complexions, natural dispositions.
compliance (cŏm plĭ'ans), obedience, consent.
complicated (kŏm'plĭ kāt ed), composed of many complex features.
component (kŏm pō'nent), part.
comported (cŏm pōrt'ed), agreed.
compulsion (kŏm pŭl'shŭn), state of being compelled.
concave, hollow. On p. 337, an incurving iron plate, set with iron teeth, in a threshing machine.
concentric (kŏn sĕn'trĭk), having a common center.
conciliation (kŏn sĭl ĭ ā'shun), a winning over from a hostile condition to a friendly one.
concurrence (kŏn kŭr'rens), coming together for help.

concussion (kŏn kŭsh'ŭn), a violent shock.
condole (kŏn dōl'), to grieve with one in sorrow.
confident, sure.
confirm their despotism, to add strength to their tyrannical power.
conjectured (con jĕk'tūr'd), guessed at.
conjectures, opinions formed on slight evidence.
conjured (kŭn jŭr'd'), summoned up, called from the past, p. 86.
conjurers, those who practice magic.
connubial (kŏn nū'bĭ al), pertaining to marriage.
consecrated (kŏn'sē krāt ed), made holy.
conspicuous (kŏn spik'ū us), prominent.
consummate (cŏn sŭm'māt), of the highest quality.
consummation (kŏn sŭm mā'shŭn), highest point of completion or achievement.
contemporary (kŏn tĕm'pō rā rў), one who lives at the same time.
contraband (cŏn'tra bănd), goods not allowed to be imported.
controvert (kŏn'trō vĕrt), to dispute.
convulsive, with irregular and violent motion, as a spasm.
Cordovan leather (kôr'dō van), leather from horse hide, named from Cordova, Spain.
cormorant (kôr'mo rant), a sea raven.
corroborate (kŏr rŏb'o rāt), to verify, to make more certain.
corsair (kôr sâr'), a pirate, a sea-rover.
corselet (kôrs'let), armor for the body.
coruscations of the North, the northern lights.
Cotton Mather, an American Congregational minister and scholar of Puritan days.
couchant (kouch'ant), squatting ready to spring.
coulee (kōō'lā), a valley.
counterfeited (koun'ter fit ed), imitated.
counterpart, a copy, a duplicate.
couriers (kōō'rĭ ĕrz), messengers.
coverts (kŭv'ĕrts), covered places.
covetous (kŭv'ĕt ŭs), eager to get something and keep it.
crane, an iron arm in a fireplace to hold kettles.
cranium (krā'nĭ ŭm), the skull.
craters, the openings of volcanoes.
crestfallen (krĕst'fôl'n), with hanging head, humbled.
criterion (krī tē'rĭ ŭn), a standard for judging.
critic, one who passes judgment.
critical (krĭt'ĭ kal), important as to consequences.
crone (krōn), an aged woman.
crypt (krĭpt), a vault.
culinary (kū'lĭ nā ry), relating to cookery.
culprit (kŭl'prit), one accused of a crime.
cutlass (kut'las), a short, curved sword.

dark forebodings, expectations of misfortune.
daunt (dänt), to frighten, p. 1.
decanter (dē kănt'ĕr), a vessel for liquor, usually of glass.
decorum (dē kō'rŭm), dignified actions.
decrepitude (de krĕp'ĭ tūd), state of broken old age.
deference (dĕf'er ens), respect.
delectable (de lĕk'ta b'l), highly pleasing.
delirium (de lĭr'ĭ ŭm), a wandering of the mind, insanity.
deluge (dĕl'ūj), a flood.
delusive (dĕ lū'sĭv), misleading.
delusive phantom of hope, a false hope.
demeanor (de mēn'ĕr), behavior.
demurely (dē mūr'ly), modestly and a little self-consciously.
depreciated (de prē'shĭ ā tĕd), lessened in value.
derided (dē rīd'ed), laughed at, ridiculed.
descry (dē skrī'), to discover by the eye, to see.
desert (dĕz'ert), deserted.
desperado (dĕs pĕr ā'dō), a reckless man.
despondency (dē spŏnd'en sў), low spirits, discouragement.
despotic (dĕs pŏt'ĭk), tyrannical.
destination (dĕs tĭ nā'shun), point or end to be reached.

destined to extinction (des'tĭn'd), marked out for death.
destitute (dĕs'tĭ tūt), without means of living.
dexterity (dĕks tĕr'ĭ tỹ), readiness and skill.
diapason (dī a pā'zŏn), the entire compass of tones of the musical scale.
dilated (dī lāt'ed), enlarged in all directions.
disaffection (dĭs ăf fĕk'shŭn), want of affection or good will.
discern (dis zern'), perceive.
discountenanced (dĭs koun'te nans'd), disapproved of.
discriminate, to decide between.
dislocate (dis'lō kāt), to disarrange.
dismayed (dis mād'), robbed of energy by fear.
disputatious (dĭs pū tā'shŭs), inclined to argue quarrelsomely.
disseminate (dĭs sĕm'ĭ nāt), to sow like seed.
distaff (dĭs'taf), the staff for holding a bunch of flax or wool.
disturb the sobriety of our judgments (sō brī'ĕ tỹ), to prevent our forming a just opinion.
ditto, the same.
diverge (dĭ vērj'), to extend in different directions.
diverted (dĭ vērt'ed), turned aside.
divertisements (dĭ vērt'ĭz ments), amusements.
docile (dŏs'ĭl), easily managed.
domestic tribulation, family troubles.
domiciliated (dŏm ĭ sĭl'ĭ āt ĕd), boarded.
doom, day of Judgment, the end of all things.
dotard (dō'tĕrd), one whose mind is impaired by age.
doublet and hose (dŭb'let), a short waistcoat and close-fitting trousers.
doughty (dow'ty), valiant, not to be resisted.
dower (dow'ĕr), property a woman brings to her marriage.
draining the last dregs of bitterness, undergoing all possible mental suffering.
dramatic, interesting, exciting.
drawbridge, a bridge that may be let up or down or turned aside.
drinking-horn, a cup made of the hollowed horn of an ox.

eddying, whirling round and round.
educed (ē dūst'), extracted, brought out.
effete, worn out, decayed.
efficacy (ĕf'fĭ kā sy), power to produce results.
efficacy of arms (ĕf'fi kā sy), power of war to bring good results.
Egypt's Amun, the Egyptian god, Amun, in the form of a ram.
ejaculation (ē jăk ū lā'shŭn), a short, sudden sentence or word thrown out.
election, choice.
electioneered (ē lĕk shŭn ēr'd'), used tricks to gain the election.
elucidate (ē lū'sĭ dāt), to make clear.
Elysian (ĕ lĭz'ĭ an). The Elysian Fields of Greek mythology were the delightful abode of the blest after death.
emancipation (ē măn sĭ pā'shŭn), liberation from something disagreeable.
embargo (ĕm bär'gō), a law prohibiting the departure of ships from port.
embellish, to make beautiful, to adorn.
embryo (ĕm'brĭ ō), a germ of life.
enlightened, highly civilized.
enraptured (ĕn răp'tūr'd), transported with pleasure.
entranced, intensely delighted.
epistles (ē pis'l'z), letters.
equivocal (ē kwĭv'o kal), capable of two meanings, uncertain.
espoused (ĕs powz'd'), taken up the cause of, adopted.
esquire (ĕs quīr'), gentleman; a title of honor.
eulogy (ū'lō jy), praise of personal character.
evince, to show, to manifest.
evolution (ĕv ō lū'shŭn), development.
exemplify (ĕgz ĕm'plĭ fy), to illustrate by example.
exhalation (ĕks hā lā'shun), a breath or vapor.

expedients (ĕx pē′dĭ ents), means in an emergency.
extenuate (ĕks tĕn′ū āt), to make excuses.
exterminators (ĕks tĕr′mĭ nā tērs), those that destroy or expel.
extinct (ex tĭnkt′), put out, quenched.
extirpate (ĕks ter′pāt), to root out, destroy.
extremity (ĕks trĕm′ĭ ty), greatest need or peril.
exulting (ĕgz ŭlt′ĭng), rejoicing in triumph.

fabricate (făb′rĭ kāt), to make a false impression.
fain (fān), gladly.
falcon glance, keen eyes, like the hawk's.
family arms, the heraldic sign of a family, their coat-of-arms.
fanes (fānz), temples.
favorite phantom, favorite hobby or pursuit in life.
fealty (fē′al ti), faithfulness.
feasible (fē′zĭ b'l), able to be done.
feign (fān), pretend.
fenny, swampy.
ferule (fĕr′ŭl), a stick used to punish children.
fervor (fĕr′vĕr), intense feeling.
festivity, gayety, cheerfulness.
feudal (fū′dal), pertaining to ancient estates in which persons held gradations of rank under an overlord.
fiber (fī′bĕr), sinew.
fidelity, faithfulness.
filly, a young female colt.
firmament (fĕr′ma ment), the region of the air.
flagon (flăg′ŭn), a vessel for liquor.
flaw, a sharp gust of wind.
Flemish morasses (mō răs′ez), soft wet ground in Flanders.
flighty, slightly out of one's mind.
flogger of urchins (ûr′chĭnz), one who beats little boys.
fomenting (fō′mĕnt′ing), stirring up discordantly.
forecastle (fōr′kăsl), a short upper deck forward.
forfeit (fôr′fĭt), lose the right to.
forge, a place where metals are worked by heating and hammering.
forlorn, abandoned.
Fortunate Isles, ancient imaginary islands in the western ocean where the souls of the good are made happy,
foundation, a gift for permanent use, p. 394.
frolic architecture, playful or sportive building.
funeral rites, solemn ceremonies in honor of the dead necessary to their entrance into the hereafter, p. 272.
furbishing (fûr′bĭsh ing), cleaning and brightening.

galligaskins (găl lĭ găs′kinz), loose breeches.
garnished, richly ornamented.
Gates of Hercules, in ancient geography, the two opposite capes at the east end of the Strait of Gibraltar.
gear (gēr), armor.
genial board, cheerful-looking tea table.
gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, the personal attendant of the king.
geometric signs, the shapes on the snowflakes, — circles, triangles, etc.
gerfalcon (jĕr′faw k'n), a large vulture-like hawk.
ghastly (găst′ly), deathlike.
ghostly finger-tips, the soft tapping of the sleet on the window pane.
glades (glād'z), open passages through a wood.
gloat (glōt), to gaze on greedily.
Gloria in excelsis (glō′rĭ ä in ecks sĕl′sĭs), Glory be to God on high, the beginning of a Latin hymn. See Luke II, 14.
gnomes (nōmz), small, dark beings of the underworld.
God of revelation, God as revealed to prophets and apostles in the Bible.
gory (gō′ry), bloody.
granary (grăn′ä rĭ), a place where wheat is stored.
grapnel, a heavy iron hook.
grovel (grŏv′el), to crawl and cringe.
Gubernator (gū′ber nā′tōr), a governor.

gusty skaw, windy cape jutting into the sea.
guttural (gŭt'tŭr al), belonging to the throat.

hallowed, sacred.
hanger (hang'ĕr), a short curved sword (eighteenth century).
harangue (ha răng'), a ranting speech to an assembly.
harbingers (här'bĭn jĕrz), those who go before to prepare.
harmonies of law, laws that will make the world agreeable to live in.
harpoon (här poon'), a large spear for sticking big fish.
heart-cores, inmost feelings.
Hendrick Hudson, Henry Hudson, a noted English sailor who explored the river named for him.
herbage (ĕrb'aj), grassy growth.
herd's grass, timothy grass, esteemed highly for hay.
hereditary (he rĕd'ĭ ta rў), transmitted from parent to child.
her fancy, her vivid imagination.
heritage (hĕr'ĭt ăj), an inheritance.
Herr (hĕr), German word for Sir or Mr.
Hessian (hĕsh'an), a paid soldier from Germany who fought the Americans during the Revolution.
higgledy-piggledy (hig'g'l dy pĭg'g'l dy), in confusion.
High-Priest, the priest in the ancient Jewish church who alone entered the most sacred part of the temple.
hinds (hīndz), farm laborers.
Hippocrates (hĭ pŏk'ra tēz), a famous Greek physician called "The Father of Medicine," 377 B.C.
hoary seers, white-haired wisemen.
hoary sire (hō'ry sīr), white-haired old man.
horrid malignity (ma lĭg'nĭ ty), a deadly intention exciting horror.
hostage (hŏs'tāj), a promise from the future, p. 255.
housings (howz'ingz), parts of the harness.
hover (hŭv'er), to fly and poise over.
humors (hū'mĕrz), whims, states of mind.

Ichabod (ĭk'a bŏd), I Samuel, IV, 21.
identical (ī dĕn'tĭ kal), the same.
identity (ī dĕn'tĭ tў), selfhood, individuality.
idyllic (ī dĭl'lik), belonging to happy country life.
ill-starred, fated to be unfortunate, born under an unlucky star.
illumined (ĭl lū'mĭn'd), lightened up, as with joy.
imminent (im'mĭ nent), threatening to occur at once.
imminent jeopardy (ĭm'mĭ nent jĕp'-ĕrd y), immediate danger.
impede (ĭm pēd), to interfere with.
impending, overhanging.
imperceptible (ĭm pĕr sĕp'tĭ b'l), not noticeable.
impious (ĭm'pĭ ŭs), irreligious, profane.
impunity (ĭm pū'ni ty), freedom from punishment.
inanimate (in ăn'ĭ māt), lifeless.
inclination, willingness, tendency.
incredulity, disbelief.
inculcate (ĭn kŭl'kāt), to impress on the mind.
indemnity, money paid to a victor in war.
indignity, insult.
infant world, first ages of the world.
in fee, an estate transmitted from father to son.
inflexible, immovable.
inkhorn, a horn vessel for ink.
innative (ĭn'nāt iv), natural, inborn.
inopportunely (ĭn ŏp pôr tūn'ly), at the wrong time.
in perpetuity (pĕr pē tū'ĭ ty), forever.
insensibly (ĭn sĕn'sĭ bly), not noticed by the senses.
insidious (ĭn sĭd'ĭ ŭs), lying in wait to betray.
insinuating qualities, characteristics that gain the good will of people.
inspiriting (ĭn spĭr'ĭt ing), encouraging.
instigation, exciting or setting on.
instinct, a natural prompting to do something.

insulated (ĭn'sū lā ted), standing by itself.
insuperable (ĭn sū'pĕr a b'l), that cannot be overcome.
interposition (ĭn tĕr pō zĭsh'ŭn), a coming between parties at strife.
interpret (ĭn tĕr'prĕt), to explain so others may understand in their language.
intervening (ĭn'tĕr vēn'ing), coming between.
in the gross, in the whole.
intrigued (in trēg'd'), secretly schemed or plotted.
inundation (ĭn ŭn dā'shŭn), flood.
invariable (ĭn vā'rĭ a b'l), always the same.
invincible (ĭn vĭn'sĭ b'l), not to be conquered.
inviolate (ĭn vī'ō lāt), unhurt, pure.
invoke (ĭn vōk'), to call upon in prayer.
inward light, the religious guidance that comes from within one's own thought.
irised (ī'rĭst), colored like the rainbow.
itinerant orchestra (ĭ tĭn'ĕr ant), wandering musicians.

jaded steers, weary oxen.
jerkin (jĕr'kĭn), a close waistcoat.
junto (jŭn'tō), a deliberative assembly.

Katrina (kăt rēn'a), Dutch for Katherine.
keel, the plates along the bottom of a vessel supporting the framework.
keelson (kĕl'sŭn), timber binding the floor timbers to the keel.
King George's Commission, a commission is an officer's papers.
knight-errant (ĕr'rant), a knight of the Middle Ages who wandered in search of noble adventures.
knoll (nōl), a little hill.

lack-lustre, lifeless.
lady's bower, a lady's private chamber or dwelling.
laid to, the motion of the ship checked.
lair (lâr), the bed of a wild beast.
landmark, a conspicuous object that serves as a guide on land.
lank, thin.
lapsed, passed slowly.
Lascar (lăs kär'), an East Indian sailor or servant.
lateral (lăt'er al), pertaining to the sides.
lattice (lăt'tĭs), a network of crossed strips of wood or metal.
laudable, praiseworthy.
laver (lā'vĕr), a vessel in the Jewish tabernacle where the priests washed their hands and feet.
leeward (lē'wērd), the side toward which the wind blows.
legal status (stā'tus), position according to law.
legendary (lĕj'ĕn dā ry), pertaining to old marvelous tales of a locality.
legitimate (lē jit'i māt), right, lawful.
Lentulus (lĕn'shū lŭs), a Roman noted for his rich banquets, executed for conspiracy 163 B.C.
liberal joy, generous sympathy toward the Americans, p. 150.
liberated (lib'er āt ed), set free.
lion bearing, noble carriage.
literary realm (rĕlm), a kingdom made up of those who study books.
loathsome, ugly and disgusting.
loiterer (loi'tĕr ĕr), one who lingers, an idler.
loon's weird laughter, the ghostly cry of a water fowl, the loon.
lurch, to tip sidewise.
lurid (lū'rĭd), gloomy.
lustrous, shining.
Luther (lū'thĕr), a German religious reformer (1483–1546).
luxuriance, richness.
lyceum (lī sē'um), an association for debates and literary exercises, common in New England in Whittier's day.

Madagascar (Măd a găs'kär), an island east of southern Africa.
magical hues, colors that change as if by magic.
magistrate (măj'is trāt), a judge.
Major André (än'drā), a British officer executed as a spy by Washington, 1780.

malicious (ma lĭsh′ŭs), delighting in harm done to another.
malignant, hostile and evil.
malleable (măl′lē a bl), capable of being shaped by beating with a hammer.
mammoth (măm′mŏth), an extinct hairy elephant of enormous size.
manifestations of anger, fierce actions.
manifold, many, various.
Manitou (măn′ĭ tōō), the Great Spirit.
marauders (ma raud′ĕrz), plunderers, roving robbers.
marble minstrel, the tombstone that sings his praises.
martial array, collection of military forces.
martial shroud, a soldier's burial garment.
martyrdom (mär′tĕr dŭm), death for one's religion.
marvellous, wonderful, extraordinary.
mastodon (măs′to dŏn), see mammoth.
mauger (maw′gĕr), in spite of.
mayflower, in England the hawthorn; in New England the trailing arbutus.
meerschaum (mēr′shawm), a fine white clay made into pipes; literally, sea-foam.
melancholy (mĕl′an kŏl ў), producing grief or low spirits.
mercantile (mĕr′kăn til), pertaining to the business of merchants.
mercenary troops, soldiers who fight anywhere for money.
metamorphosed (mĕt a môr′fost), changed to a different form.
meteor (mē′tē ēr), an appearance in the atmosphere, as snow, flashing in the air.
mettle, high spirits.
Midas (mīd′as), the king in Greek myth who turned all he touched to gold.
midday throne, the highest point of the sky.
milky baldric (bawl′drĭk), the strip in the sky called "the milky way."
miniature (mĭn′ĭ a tūr), a copy on a small scale.
minstrel, a poet of the Middle Ages who sang his verses to the harp.
mirage (mē razh′), girlish dreams that seem as real as the appearances called mirages.
missive, letter.
moat (mōt), a ditch.
molestation (mŏl ĕs tā′shŭn), evil interference.
moral canker, wrongdoing that spreads and destroys.
morass (mō răs′), a marsh.
Moravians (mō rā′vĭ anz), a religious sect originally from Moravia in Austria-Hungary.
morocco (mō rŏk′kō), a fine leather from goatskin, first made by the Moors.
mortars, short, heavy cannon.
motley (mŏt′ly), variegated in color.
multifarious (mŭl tĭ fā′rĭ ŭs), of great variety.
municipality (mū nĭs ĭ păl′ĭ ty), a town or village.
muster-day, the day when troops are assembled for parade.
Mynheer Van Tassel (mīn hār′), Mr. Van Tassel, in Dutch.
myriad (mĭr′ĭ ad), ten thousand, numberless.

naiad (nā′yăd), a water goddess.
Narragansetts (năr a găn′sĕtz), a tribe of North American Indians in Rhode Island.
nauseous lore (naw′shŭs), disgusting knowledge.
navigable (năv′ĭ gā bl), capable of floating vessels.
nectar, the drink of the gods.
nether garment (nĕth′ĕr), under garment.
nice, delicate, careful in distinguishing between things.
nimble coruscations of the North, the quick flashes of the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis.
Niña (nēn′yă), "little girl," one of the smaller caravels of Columbus's voyage, 1492.
noble heat, righteous indignation, dignified anger.
noblesse, nobility, higher class of people.

northeaster, a storm from the northeast.
no tardy process, quickly.
notorious (nō tō′rĭ us), talked about by the public.
novice (nŏv′ĭs), one who is new in any business.
nymph (nĭmf), a goddess of the woods.

obsequious (ŏb sē′kwĭ ŭs), cringing, flattering to gain advancement.
occult (ŏk kŭlt), hidden from the eye, secret.
oly koek (ō′lĭ ko͝ok), a Dutch cake of dough, richer and tenderer than a cruller.
ominous prophecy, a foretelling of evil happening, the sun sinking from sight before it set.
ooze (o͝oz), mud on a river bottom.
open main, open sea.
oppressive opulence, wealth that weighs down heavily.
opulence (ŏp′ū lens), riches.
oracle (ŏr′a k'l), a wise decision of great authority.
orchestra (ôr′kĕs tra), a band of musicians.
orchis (ôr′kĭs), a deep-woods plant with delicate flowers.
Oriental, pertaining to the countries of Asia.

palfrey (pôl′frў), a small saddle horse for ladies.
pall (pawl), dark cloak.
pallid, ghastly pale.
pampered (păm pēr′d), luxuriously fed.
panoramic (păn ō răm′ĭk), like a complete view in every direction.
paragraph-monger (mŭng′ger), one who sells written information about noted people.
parchments, sheepskins prepared for writing on, law documents, p. 42.
Parian (pā′rĭ an), belonging to Paria in the Ægean Sea, noted for marble.
parody (pâr′ō dĭ), a humorous poem imitating some other poem.
parole (pa rōl′), word of honor.
participation, taking part in.
Pascagoula (păs ka go͞o′lā), a river in Mississippi.
patriarchal magnitude (pā trĭ ärck′al), big enough for a father and his family, of ancient Jewish history.
patrimonial estate, property inherited from ancestors.
patrolling (pa trōl′ling), going the rounds of.
patron (pā′trŭn), a guardian saint.
pay due tribute, give deserved sympathy and respect.
pedagogue (pĕd′a gŏg), a schoolmaster.
pedigree (pĕd′ĭ grē), descent from ancestors.
Pedro Gutierrez (pā′drō go͞o tē ār′rĕth).
peer (pēr), a nobleman.
pellicle (pĕl′lĭ k'l), a thin skin or film.
pendent trammels, iron hooks hanging in a fireplace for holding vessels over the fire.
pensive (pĕn′sĭv), thoughtful and inclined to sadness.
pensive lay, sadly thoughtful song.
perfidy (pēr′fĭ dў), faithlessness, treachery.
perpetual, lasting forever.
perplexities (pēr plĕcks′ĭ tĭz), bewilderments.
perspective, point of view.
pertinacious (pēr tĭ nā′shŭs), holding to a purpose insistently.
perverse (pēr vers′), obstinate in having his own will.
pestilent (pĕs′tĭ lent), plagued, obnoxious.
petted crone, the old bee petted by the heat.
petticoat government, rule of women.
phantom (făn′tŭm), ghost.
philosophical prudence, a reasoning carefulness.
phlegm (flĕm), dullness.
picturesque (pĭk tūr esk′), representing with the clearness of a picture.
pigeon-wing (pĭj′un wing), a brisk fancy step or caper in dancing.
pillion (pĭl′yŭn), a pad behind a man's saddle, for a woman.
pinion (pĭn′yŭn), wing.

pious fierceness, fierce actions done in the name of religion.
placable (plā'ka b'l), forgiving.
plashy, full of puddles.
plateau (plă'tō), a level plain.
pliant (plī'ant), easy to bend.
plighted, engaged to marry, promised.
ploughshare, the cutting part of a plough.
Plutarch, a Greek historian, famous for his *Lives* of great men.
pocone or puccoon, an Indian name for a red dye.
poignant (poin'ant), piercing.
pollution (pŏl lū'shŭn), something foul, unclean.
pomegranate (pŭm'grăn āt), a fruit from the Orient, large as an orange.
ponderous (pŏn'dĕr us), very heavy.
poop, a deck raised above the after-part of a vessel.
portent (pŏr tĕnt'), a sign of coming evil.
potation (pō tā'shun), a drink.
prætor (prē'tor), a high Roman officer of the city.
precaution, an act to prevent future evil.
precipitation (prē sĭp ĭ tā'shŭn), tumultuous haste.
precipitously (prē sĭp'ĭ tŭs lў), steeply, like a precipice.
preconceived (prē kŏn sēv'd'), formed an opinion beforehand.
preconcerted (prē kŏn sērt'ed), arranged beforehand.
predecessor (prĕd ē sĕs'sēr), one who has given place to another.
predilection (prē dĭ lĕk'shŭn), a previous liking for anything.
prelacy (prĕl'a sў), church government by priests or bishops.
preliminary, preceding the main action.
premonitions, vague knowledge of the future.
prevalent (prĕv'a lent), most generally existing.
pride and flower, the finest young men and women of the place.
pride of opinion, conceit, feeling of superiority about one's opinions.
priestly vestments, robes that a priest wears in church.
primeval simplicity (pri mē'val), the simple life of the early ages of the world.
primitive, simple and old-fashioned.
probity (prŏb ĭ tў), uprightness in the unwritten laws of daily life.
prodigious (prō dĭ'jus), extraordinary, miraculous.
progenitors (prō jĕn'ĭ tērz), forefathers.
prohibited (prō hĭb'ĭ ted), forbidden.
projection, throwing forward, or something that stands out.
promulgate (prō mŭl'gāt), to publish.
prone, apt, inclined.
propitious (prō pĭsh'ŭs), favorable.
proscribed, forbidden.
prostrate (prŏs'trāt), overthrown, destroyed.
provocation (prŏv ō kā'shŭn), that which excites anger.
psalmody (săl'mō dў), art of singing psalms or sacred songs.
pugnacity (pŭg năs'ĭ tў), readiness to fight.

quaff (kwăf), drink with relish.
quarry (kwŏr'ry), a place from which stone is taken.
quarters, temporary lodgings.

Rachel (rā'chĕl), see Genesis, Chap. 29.
rack, flying clouds.
radiance, glorious brightness.
rampant (răm p'ant), rising as if to attack.
rancor (răng'kĕr), bitterness, hatred.
rapacious (rā pā'shus), fierce and greedy.
ravine (ra vēn'), a deep narrow hollow in a mountain.
readiness of resources (rĕ sōrs'ĕz), quickness with ways and means to solve a problem.
Rebecca (rē bĕk'ka), see Genesis, Chap. 24.
reciprocate (rē cĭp'rō kāt), to give and return mutually.
recumbent (rē kŭm'bent), easy, lying down.

reeling main, the whirling seas.
refractory (re frăk'tō ry), unmanageable.
regenerate (rē jĕn'ĕr āt), to give new life to.
reiterate (rē ĭt'ĕr āt), to repeat again and again.
religious zeal, exceedingly faithful and enthusiastic work.
reluctant (rē lŭk'tant), unwilling.
remand (rē mănd'), to send back.
remnants, what is left.
remorseless, pitiless, cruel.
renegado (rĕn ē gā'dō), one who deserts his party.
renounce, to give up.
replenishing, refilling.
reptile (rĕp'tĭl), a low, base creature, p. 66.
resentment (rē zĕnt'ment), anger arising from personal injury.
reserved mien (mēn), actions that are the opposite of free, a restrained manner.
resolute (rĕz'ō lūt), determined.
resolved (rē zŏlv'd), turned into earth again, "dust to dust," p. 285.
resounding (rē zound'ing), echoing.
respiration, breathing.
resplendent (rē splĕn'dent), shining brilliantly.
restoration, the act of giving or bringing back.
restrictions on the press, the newspapers were not allowed free expression of opinion.
resuscitate (rē sŭs'i tāt), to bring to life again.
retaliation, striking back in revenge.
revel (rĕv'ĕl), a feast with noisy jollity.
reverberations (rē vĕr bĕr ā'shŭnz), rolling echoes.
reverent (rĕv'ĕr ent), God-fearing.
revile (rē vīl'), to abuse with contempt.
rhomboids (rŏm'boidz), geometrical figures of four sides.
Roanoke (rō a nōk'), a river, and a city in Virginia.
rote, frequent repetition.
roundhouse (round'house), a cabin having the poop for its roof.
roysters (roist'erz), noisy fellows out for a drinking frolic.
rubicund (rōō'bĭ kŭnd), inclining to redness.
rude swain, the ignorant country fellow.
rugged (rŭg'ged), rough, vigorous.
ruminating (rōō'mĭ nāt ing), chewing the cud.
rural deities, the gods of country places, in Greek and Roman myths.

sachem (sā'chem), a chief of a tribe of Indians.
saga (sä'gä), an ancient Scandinavian tale.
sagacious (sa gā'shŭs), able to see what is best to do.
sagacity (sa găs'ĭ tỹ), keen practical judgment.
Sagamore (săg'a mōr), the head of a tribe of American Indians.
saints elect, those good and holy people who stand out from others, chosen ones.
salamander (săl'a măn dĕr), a lizardlike animal, once thought to be able to live in fire.
Salve regina (sal'vē rē jī'nä), a Latin hymn in the Roman church beginning, "Hail, queen!"
samp (sămp), coarse hominy made from corn.
Rodrigo Sanchez (Rŏd rē'go Săn'cheth).
sanction, consent, approval.
sanctity (sănk'tĭ ty), holiness, sacredness.
sanctuary of liberty, the place where freedom is a sacred thing.
sanctum sanctorum (sănk'tŭm sănktōr'um), holy of holies. A sacred place in the ancient Jewish temple.
sanguine (săn'gwĭn), hopeful of the best.
San Salvador (săn săl va thōr'), the name given by Columbus to the first island discovered in the New World.
sated (sāt'ĕd), too full for any further appetite.
savage sublimity, wild but lofty character.
scathed (skāth'd), injured.

scepter of despotic power, the staff enforcing Icabod's absolute power, p. 169.
scoff of sages, the object of wise men's scorn.
sea-mew, sea-gull.
sedgy (sĕj'ȳ), overgrown with tufts of marshy grass.
Segovia (sā gō'vyā), a river in Central America.
Señor (sā nyōr'), Spanish for Sir or Mr.
sensible curse, a curse he felt through life, p. 131.
sepulchre (sĕp'ŭl ker), a grave.
sere (sēr), dry, withered.
serf, a slave bound to the soil.
serried foe (sĕr'rĭd), crowded ranks of foemen.
sesterces (sĕs'tērs ez), about four cents, a Roman coin.
Seville (sē vĭl'), a city in Southern Spain.
shagbark, a rough-barked hickory.
shambled, walked as if the knees were weak.
share, plow-blade.
sheathing, the covering of a ship's bottom and sides.
shrouds, ropes to support the masts.
shuttle, an instrument used to pass the wool from side to side in weaving.
signal, noticeable.
signal punishment, extraordinary punishment.
silhouette (sĭl ŏŏ et'), a profile portrait in black, a shadow.
sinewy (sĭn'ū ȳ), firm, braced with cords or tendons.
sinewy (sĭn'ŭ ȳ), strong, enduring.
Sioux (Soo), a tribe of Indians.
Siren (sī'ren), a maiden in Greek myth who sang upon the rocks and lured sailors to their destruction.
skald, (skâld), a poet among the ancient Norsemen.
Skäw, a cape in Denmark.
Skoal (skōl), Hail!
slip, an inclined plane on which a vessel is built.
sluggish clod, the heavy clod of earth.
sluggish despondency, discouragement that produces inactivity, settled despair.
sluggish river, slow-moving river, the Styx in Hades, p. 243.
snow-blown traveller, one covered with snow from his journey.
sociability (sō sha bĭl'ĭ ty), friendly conversation.
social smoke, smoke rising from the chimneys telling of neighbors near.
sole domestic adherent (ad hēr'ent), the only one of his family devoted to him.
solemnity (sō lĕm'nĭ ty), a ceremony performed with reverence.
solicitous (sō lĭs'ĭt ŭs), anxiously concerned.
solicitude (sō lĭs'ĭ tūd), affectionate anxiety.
sombre (sŏm'ber), dark.
souls that sped, people killed.
Spanish Main, formerly the northeast coast of South America, and the adjoining part of the Caribbean Sea.
Spartacus (spär'ta kus), a Thracian slave and gladiator who rebelled against the Romans, 73 B.C.
Spartan mother, one mother of ancient Sparta told her son to return from battle with his shield or upon it.
species of despotism, kind of government by an absolute ruler.
specter (spĕk'tēr), ghost.
speculation, wondering consideration, p. 183.
spinnet (spĭn'net), an old-fashioned musical instrument something like a piano.
spoil, goods stolen in war.
squadron (sqwŏd'rŭn), a detachment of vessels under one command.
squalid (skwŏl'ĭd), dirty through neglect.
St. Vitus (vī'tus). In Germany during the seventeenth century it was believed health could be secured for a year by dancing before the statue of the saint.
stagnant fen (stăg'nant), a marsh covered with still water, p. 6.
stalking (stawk'ing), approaching noiselessly under cover.

starveling (stärv'ling), hungry, lean.
status (stā'tus), condition.
steppes (steps), level, grassy plains.
stern emergency (ē mĕr'jen sy), a crisis calling for stern action.
stifle (stĭ'fl), to choke.
stimulate (stĭm'u lāt), to excite by some motive.
Stony Point, a promontory on the Hudson taken from the British during the Revolution by Anthony Wayne.
stratagem (străt'a jĕm), a trick in war for deceiving the enemy.
subjugation (sŭb jū gā'shŭn), act of bringing under the control of another.
subsistence (sŭb sĭst'ens), means of existence.
subtle (sŭt'l), delicate and penetrating.
subtle element, the fire, p. 103.
succory (sŭk'kō ry), chicory, a plant with blue flowers.
suffice (sŭf fīz'), to be enough.
sullen grandeur, gloomy but lofty state of mind.
sullen submission, unwilling and gloomy obedience.
sulphurous rifts (sŭl'fŭr ŭs), the deep scars in our life, left by sorrow, just as fissures are left in volcanoes where sulphur once burned, p. 291.
sundry (sŭn'drỹ), several.
supernal (sū pĕr'nal), supernatural, magic.
suppliant (sŭp'plĭ ant), one who begs or asks humbly.
supplication, a humble request.
sure-footed mind, a mind that does not make mistakes.
swains (swānz), country fellows or lovers.
sword of Damascus (da măs'kŭs), Damascus in Syria became proverbial for its excellent steel blades.
symbol, an object that suggests some idea.
symphony (sĭm'fō nĭ), an elaborate musical composition.
Syrian peace, Syria is a pastoral country where shepherds live in quiet.
tables of stone, the laws which Moses gave the Israelites were written on stone tablets.
taciturn (tăs'ĭ tûrn), not apt to talk much.
Tappan Zee (tăp'an zā), an expansion of the Hudson near Tarrytown, New York. Zee means bay in Dutch.
target, a kind of small shield, p. 37.
tattoo, a military signal, by drum or trumpet, to retire for the night.
tattooed (tăt tōōd'), pricked in the flesh with indelible coloring.
temperament, mental make-up, disposition.
temporal salvation, being saved in this world.
teocallis (tē ō kăl'lĭz), primitive temples of Mexico.
termagant (tĕr'ma gant), a scolding woman.
tête à tête (tāt a tāt'), private conversation between two, head to head.
tethered (tĕth'ĕr'd), tied with a rope.
The Dark and Bloody Ground, a name given to Kentucky in her pioneer days.
theme of poet and historian, a subject for poetry and history.
the priming of his piece, the powder in his gun.
Thermopylæ (thĕr mŏp'ĭ lē), a narrow pass in Greece where a great victory was gained over the Persians, 480 B.C.
thwart her genial will, to oppose Nature's kindly intent to make men equal.
Ticonderoga (tĭ kŏn de rō'gä), a town on Lake Champlain taken by Ethan Allen from the British during the Revolution.
tiger strife, savage warfare.
tiny spherule (sfĕr'ūl), a little sphere.
titillation (tĭt ĭl lā'shŭn), a tickling.
to cock and poise his rifle, to draw back the hammer of his rifle when raised and placed in position for firing.
tomahawk (tŏm'a hawk), an Indian war-hatchet.
torpor (tôr'pŏr), period of unconscious-

to wet my whistle, to take a drink to improve my voice.
tradition (tra dĭsh′ŭn), information or customs handed down from father to son.
tragical (trăj′i kal), intensely sad.
tranquil (tran′kwĭl), restfully quiet.
tranquillity, peace.
transfigured, changed into something ideal, glorious.
transient (trăn′shent), quickly passing.
transitory, brief, momentary.
treacherous (trĕch′ĕr ŭs), like a traitor, false.
treacle (trē′k'l), molasses.
Triana (Trē an′a).
truncheon (trŭn′shŭn), a military staff of command.
tumultuous privacy (tū mŭlt′ū ŭs), a privacy caused by the roaring storm outside, a noisy seclusion.
turbid (tûr′bĭd), muddy, disturbed.
turbulence (tûr′bū lens), in a state of violent commotion.
turbulent (tûr′bū lent), unruly, disorderly.
Turk's heads, figures on the ends of the andirons.
turned her wheel, spun.

unadulterated (ŭn a dŭl′tĕr āt ĕd), pure, free from foreign substance.
uncouth (ŭn kōōth′), strange and awkward.
unmeet, unfitting, unsuitable.
unprofaned (un prō fānd′), sacred, untouched by profane thoughts.
unremitting, continued without pause.
unrestrained, not stopped.
untractable, not easily led, unmanageable.
unwarily (un wā′rĭ lў), unconsciously, p. 37.
unwonted and perverse epicurism (ĕp′ĭ kū rĭz′m), an unusual and contrary taste for luxury in regard to food.
usurp (ū zûrp′), to seize and hold wrongfully.
vacant stupidity, complete absence of understanding, due to lack of wits.
vague apprehension, an indefinable fear.
vanquished (văn′kwĭsht), defeated.
vapid (văp′ĭd), having lost its life and spirit.
variegated, of mixed colors.
vehement (vē′he ment), eager, forcible, furious.
vellum (vĕl′lŭm), a clear, white calfskin parchment.
vendue sales, auction sales.
venerable (vĕn′ĕr a b'l), deserving of honor and respect.
vengeance (vĕnj′ans), hurt in return for an injury.
verdant, green and fresh.
verdict, true judgment, decision.
verdure (vĕr′dūr), fresh green leaves and grass.
vesper (vĕs′pĕr), evening.
vestige (vĕs′tĭj), remains.
vestments, clerical robes.
victorious eagles. The Roman standard was surmounted by the figure of an eagle.
victual (vĭt'l), to store with food.
vigil (vĭj′ĭl), a watch.
Viking (vī′kĭng), a sea-robber of the Northmen.
virago (vĭ rā′gō), a bold, turbulent woman.
visible forms, the forms that we can see.
volley, a discharge.

wafted (wăft′ed), floated or blown.
wain, wagon.
wallet (wŏl′let), a bag for carrying lunch.
wan (wôn), pale with fatigue.
warily (wā′rĭ ly), cautiously.
wassail bout (wăs′sĭl bowt), drinking contest.
wasting pestilence, a destroying epidemic or disease.
wattled gules (wŏt′tl'd gūlz), interwoven red.
waxing and waning, increasing and diminishing in size.

welkin, the sky.

were-wolf (wĕr), a human turned into a wolf and keeping human intelligence.

Why stand ye here all the day idle? Matthew xx, 6.

wis (wĭs), to think or suppose.

wisdom of sincerity, the knowledge that comes from being honest.

witching hour of night, midnight, when witches were supposed to be abroad.

with concert and intelligence, working together intelligently.

wold, open plain, pasture.

wreathéd horn, a conch shell twisted in shape and used as a trumpet.

wrenched, pulled away violently.

yore, time past.

zephyr (zĕf′ĕr), the west wind, any gentle breeze.

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INDIANA SUPPLEMENT

INDIANA AND HER PEOPLE

Indiana has always lain near the currents of national life, and her beginnings were joined to larger fortunes of the national destiny. Three flags have been emblems of government in her territory, and wars whose principal incidents occurred far from the western wilderness played an important part in her history.

The first territorial governor of Indiana became the ninth president of the United States after the rollicking hard cider campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"; and when, years afterward, Benjamin Harrison, his grandson, was elected twenty-third president, the bonds between State and Nation were close and strong.

Philadelphia and Charleston were the two ports to which the Presbyterian Irish came in greatest numbers in the early years of the eighteenth century. They at once left the seaboard settlements and spread along the Alleghanies, the Pennsylvanians moving southward until they met their Carolina brethren, when the united stream swept with fresh strength bodily into the Ohio Valley. Some of these people were steady and thrifty; others were reckless and adventurous. The frontier life afforded an outlet for their wild spirits, and Indian wars and the hunting of big game were their congenial employments.

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Northern Indiana was settled much more slowly than the southern half of the State, owing primarily to the fierce resistance of the Miami Confederacy, which barred ingress by way of the lakes, rivers, and portages, and defeated successive armies that were sent against it. When the way was opened, the Middle States and New England slowly contributed to the population. Many of these immigrants paused first in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and a smaller proportion in Michigan. It is a question for the scientists whether the differences still observable between the people of the northern prairie region in Indiana and those of the woodland areas — differences of thrift, energy, and initiative — are not due as much to natural conditions as to racial influences; and they may also have an explanation of the fact that Indiana's literary activity has been observed principally in the southern half of the State, below a line drawn through Crawfordsville. The seniority of the southern settlements is not a wholly satisfactory solution, and the difference in antecedents invites speculation.

The rural and urban classes produced a first generation that realized a type drawing strength from both farm and town and destined to steady improvement throughout the century. New people poured in from the Eastern States and from Europe; but in no old community of the seaboard has loftier dignity been conferred by long residence or pioneer ancestry than in Indiana. This pride was brought in more particularly from the Southeast, and there are still communities in which the stranger will be sensible of it.

Centerville lives principally in its memories, having been

the home of the Mortons, and of others who attained distinction. The removal of the seat of Wayne County to Richmond dealt the town a blow from which it has never recovered, though it shares with its successful rival in the reputation which the county enjoys for the cultivation of its people. The family of Robert Underwood Johnson was prominent in Wayne County; and though the poet and editor was not born there, he lived in the county from early infancy until his graduation in 1871 from Earlham College, whose seat is Richmond.

Salem, in Washington County, is another of the older towns that contained in its earliest years families of marked cultivation. John Hay, the author, diplomat, and cabinet officer, and Newton Booth, governor of California and senator in Congress from that State, were born there.

The successes of several Indiana authors were a great stimulus to literary ambition in Indiana; and the literary clubs were an additional encouragement. Poetry seems to the amateur much more easily achieved than prose, and poets rose in every quarter of the State in the years following the general recognition of James Whitcomb Riley and Maurice Thompson.

There was a time in Indiana when it was difficult to forecast who would next turn poet. Charles Dennis, a local journalist, declared that there had appeared in the community a peculiar crooking of the right elbow and a furtive sliding of the hand into the left inside pocket, which was an unfailing preliminary to the reading of a poem. Rhyming is, however, the least harmful of amusements, and so fas-

tidious a poet as Gray expressed his belief that even a bad verse is better than the best observation ever made upon it.

> "But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things
> That weigh his pack, will carry diamonds long;"

and as the office of the discourager of genius is an ungrateful one, it is doubtless well that many should implore the gods, in the faith that an occasional prayer will be answered.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON: *The Hoosiers.*

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INDIANA

I love New England's sea-girt strand,
Where, his Atlantic voyage o'er,
The day steps lightly to the land,
And journeys westward from the shore;

For all her sunlit hills are fair,
And silver-tongued are all her streams,
And joys that blest my spirit there
Still mingle with my sweetest dreams.

. . . . . .

Her singing streams in gladness run
Through vocal wood and flowery lea,
And carry southward to the sun
The pearls he borrowed from the sea.

Triumphant march her woodmen beat
Where Progress moves, all-conquering,
While homesteads rise about her feet,
Like roses in the path of spring.

And, fair as ocean billows, glide
The waves across her harvest plain,
And sweeter than the murmuring tide,
The rustling of the golden grain.

O dearer is our lovely vale,
With hamlets from the forest won,
Than all the pine-clad hills, where trail
The sea-wet tresses of the sun.

Fair Indiana, may the hand
Of Progress touch thee but to bless;
And Peace with plenty crown the land
That blossomed from the wilderness!

By permission of Miss Lizzie Harris. LEE O. HARRIS.

HELPS TO STUDY

The poem "Indiana" is one to read and enjoy.

1. With what section of the United States is Indiana compared? 2. What line of the poem briefly describes Indiana? 3. What stanza of the poem expresses most strongly the author's feeling? 4. What is the chief thought of the whole poem?

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

When James Whitcomb Riley was a small boy, revolting against the studies prescribed by the county school he attended, his best guide and friend was his teacher, Lee Harris. Mr. Harris appreciated the imaginative and sensitive nature of the country boy, and a poet himself, stirred his lyric ability.

Mr. Harris is not a native of Indiana (he was born in Pennsylvania in 1839), but he followed his chosen profession of teaching in that state since 1857. He served as an Indiana soldier in the Civil War, then

became a teacher in Shelby County, and later was for many years superintendent of schools of Hancock County. *The Man Who Tramps*, a story of vagabond life, appeared in 1878. His poems, as collected and printed in 1893, were called *Interludes Sung Between the Acts in the Drama of Toil*. In the melody and human sympathy of these poems, the book is a forerunner of the work of Mr. Riley.

A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY

The Hoosier Schoolmaster is a novel which describes provincial Indiana of 1850. Ralph Hartsook, the young schoolmaster, is of this period; the atmosphere of ignorance and vice against which he struggled are faithfully pictured. "Bud Means" is of the second generation of Hoosiers, that generation which had little or no education except for the favored few. "Lickin' and larnin' goes together; no lickin' no larnin', declared Pete Jones." It is a realistic tale, with a moving plot; it will be illuminating material for any student of education in Indiana.

The school had closed on Monday evening as usual. The boys had been talking in knots all day. Nothing but the bulldog in the slender, resolute young master had kept down the rising storm. A teacher who has lost moral support at home, cannot long govern a school. Ralph had effectually lost his popularity in the district, and the worst of it was that he could not divine from just what quarter the ill wind came, except that he felt sure of Small's agency in it somewhere. Even Hannah had slighted him, when he called at Means's on Monday morning to draw the pittance of pay that was due him.

He had expected a petition for a holiday on Christmas day. Such holidays are deducted from the teacher's time, and it is customary for the boys to "turn out" the teacher

who refuses to grant them, by barring him out of the school-house on Christmas and New Year's morning. Ralph had intended to grant a holiday if it should be asked, but it was not asked. Hank Banta was the ringleader in the disaffection, and he had managed to draw the surly Bud, who was present this morning, into it. It is but fair to say that Bud was in favor of making a request before resorting to extreme measures, but he was overruled. He gave it as his solemn opinion that the master was mighty peart, and they would be beat anyhow some way, but he would lick the master fer two cents ef he warn't so slim that he'd feel like he was fighting a baby.

And all that day things looked black. Ralph's countenance was cold and hard as stone, and Shocky trembled where he sat. Betsey Short tittered rather more than usual. A riot or a murder would have seemed amusing to her.

School was dismissed, and Ralph, instead of returning to the Squire's, set out for the village of Clifty, a few miles away. No one knew what he went for, and some suggested that he had "sloped."

But Bud said "he warn't that air kind. He was one of that air sort as died in their tracks, was Mr. Hartsook. They'd find him on the ground nex' morning, and he 'lowed the master war made of that air sort of stuff as would burn the do-on'd ole school-house to ashes, or blow it into splinters, but what he'd beat. Howsumdever he'd said he was a-goin' to help, and help he would; but all the sinno in Golier wouldn't be no account again the cute they was in the head of the master."

But Bud, discouraged as he was with the fear of Ralph's "cute," went like a martyr to the stake and took his place with the rest in the school-house at nine o'clock at night. It may have been Ralph's intention to preoccupy the school-house, for at ten o'clock Hank Banta was set shaking from head to foot at seeing a face that looked like the master's at the window. He waked up Bud and told him about it.

"Well, what are you a-tremblin' about, you coward?" growled Bud. "He won't shoot you; but he'll beat you at this game, I'll bet a hoss, and me, too, and make us both as 'shamed of ourselves as dogs with tin-kittles to their tails. You don't know the master, though he did duck you. But he'll larn you a good lesson this time, and me too, like as not." And Bud soon snored again, but Hank shook with fear every time he looked at the blackness outside the windows. He was sure he heard foot-falls. He would have given anything to have been at home.

When morning came, the pupils began to gather early. A few boys who were likely to prove of service in the coming siege were admitted through the window, and then everything was made fast, and a "snack" was eaten.

"How do you 'low he'll get in?" said Hank, trying to hide his fear.

"How do I 'low?" said Bud. "I don't 'low nothin' about it. You might as well ax me where I 'low the nex' shootin' star is a-goin' to drap. Mr. Hartshook's' mighty onsartin. But he'll git in, though, and tan your hide fer you, you see ef he don't. *Ef* he don't blow up the school-house with gunpowder!" This last was thrown in by way

of alleviating the fears of the cowardly Hank, for whom Bud had a great contempt.

The time for school had almost come. The boys inside were demoralized by waiting. They began to hope that the master had "sloped." They dreaded to see him coming.

"I don't believe he'll come," said Hank, with a cold shiver. "It's past school time."

"Yes, he will come, too," said Bud. "And he 'lows to come in here mighty quick. I don't know how. But he'll be a-standin' at that air desk when it's nine o'clock. I'll bet a thousand dollars on that. *Ef* he don't take it into his head to blow us up!" Hank was now white.

It was just five minutes before nine. A rumor now gained currency that he had been seen going to Clifty the evening before, and that he had not come back, though in fact Ralph had come back, and had slept at Squire Hawkins's.

"There's the master," cried Betsey Short, who stood out in the road shivering and giggling alternately. For Ralph at that moment emerged from the sugar-camp by the schoolhouse, carrying a board.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Hank, "he thinks he'll smoke us out. I guess he'll find us ready." The boys had let the fire burn down, and there was now nothing but hot hickory coals on the hearth.

"I tell you he'll come in. He didn't go to Clifty fer nothin," said Bud, who sat still on one of the benches which leaned against the door. "I don't know now, but they's lots of ways of killing a cat besides chokin' her with butter. He'll come in *ef* he don't blow us all sky-high!"

Ralph's voice was now heard, demanding that the door be opened.

"Let's open her," said Hank, turning livid with fear at the firm, confident tone of the master.

Bud straightened himself up. "Hank, you're a coward. I've got a mind to kick you. You got me into this blamed mess, and now you want to crawfish. You jest tech one of these 'ere fastenin's, and I'll lay you out flat of your back afore you can say Jack Robinson."

The teacher was climbing to the roof with the board in hand.

"That air won't win," laughed Pete Jones outside. He saw that there was no smoke. Even Bud began to hope that Ralph would fail for once. The master was now on the ridgepole of the schoolhouse. He took a paper from his pocket, and deliberately poured the contents down the chimney.

Mr. Pete Jones shouted "Gunpowder!" and set off down the road to be out of the way of the explosion.

But Ralph emptied the paper, and laid the board over the chimney. What a row there was inside! The benches that were braced against the door were thrown down, and Hank Banta rushed out, rubbing his eyes, coughing frantically, and sure that he had been blown up. All the rest followed, Bud bringing up the rear sulkily, but coughing and sneezing for dear life. Such a smell of sulphur as came from that schoolhouse!

Betsey had to lean against the fence to giggle.

As soon as all were out, Ralph threw the board off the

chimney, leaped to the ground, entered the schoolhouse, and opened the windows. The school soon followed him, and all was still.

"Would he thrash?" This was the important question in Hank Banta's mind. And the rest looked for a battle with Bud.

"It is just nine o'clock," said Ralph, consulting his watch, "and I'm glad to see you all here promptly. I should have given you a holiday if you had asked me like gentlemen yesterday. On the whole, I think I shall give you a holiday anyhow. The school is dismissed."

And Hank felt foolish.

And Bud secretly resolved to thrash Hank or the master, he didn't care which.

And Mirandy looked the love she could not utter.

And Betsey giggled.

EDWARD EGGLESTON: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Vevay, in Switzerland County, where Edward Eggleston was born in 1837, had the traditions of the pioneers still about it when he was a boy. He heard these stories, and came to know the country people especially well, since he was not strong enough to go to school. But he studied by himself, and was very ambitious. He liked to write when he was a small boy, and came to enjoy it so much that he could not decide for a long time whether to be a writer or a minister. He became a Methodist minister and served in that capacity for many years.

After 1874, he devoted himself to writing. From New York, he could look back on his Indiana life with an appreciation for its interest and picturesqueness that he had not realized when living there. Besides, his work as an editor and as a preacher had shown him the literary value

of his experiences. That long tramp through the new Northwest with worn-out moccasins and no money in his pocket; the days on the farm where his wise father had sent him "to learn manual labor"; the hardship and peril of the Methodist circuit rider's life: all these provided exciting material for his novels about Indiana. The first of them, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, has been called "a cavalry dash into literature," because it brought such new scenes and people into the world of books, in such a dramatic and skilful way. It was followed by many other western tales. Dr. Eggleston was the first American author to write about the farming people of the West. He died in 1902.

THE WABASH

There is a river singing in between
Bright fringes of pawpaw and sycamore,
  That stir to fragrant winds on either shore,
Where tall blue herons stretch lithe necks, and lean
Over clear currents flowing cool and thin,
  Through the clean furrows of the pebbly floor.

My own glad river, though unclassic, still
Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
  With music all thy golden willow-brakes!
Above thee halcyon lifts his regal crest;
  The tulip-tree flings thee its flower-flakes;
  The tall flag over thee its lances shakes;
With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
O happiest river of the happy West!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

1. Mention the charms which, in the mind of the poet, make the Wabash beautiful. 2. Do you know the meaning of halcyon? Give synonym for it.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Maurice Thompson, like General Lew Wallace and Joaquin Miller, was born not far from Brookville, a village in eastern Indiana, in 1844. He and his younger brother fought together in the Civil War. After Lee's surrender, they came north to Crawfordsville, where they married sisters and made their homes. At first they were employed as civil engineers, then for a time they practiced law. Then the brother went West. Maurice Thompson remained and later served in the State Legislature, and filled the office of State Geologist.

His greatest interest, however, was in writing. He was the literary editor of *The Independent;* he also published many books, and contributed verse and prose to the magazines. *Alice of Old Vincennes* is one of his most popular novels.

Both he and his brother were great sportsmen, and made archery very popular at one time. Maurice hated cities, and spent all the time he could in the woods and fields.

Mr. Thompson died at his beautiful home, "Sherwood Place," in 1901. He had always been a firm believer in the literary possibilities of the West, and had belonged to it completely. His life was one of little struggle, of fine achievement, and of rare happiness; his poetry reflects this in its great beauty and its love for the fine things of ancient times. *Stories of Indiana* and *Bird Ways and Bird Notes* will interest you when you come to read his books.

THE SONG OF THE CARDINAL

"Good cheer! Good cheer!" exulted the Cardinal

He darted through the orange orchard searching for slugs for his breakfast, and between whiles he rocked on the branches and rang over his message of encouragement to men. The song of the Cardinal was overflowing with joy, for this was his holiday, his playtime. The southern world 5

was filled with brilliant sunshine, gaudy flowers, an abundance of fruit, myriads of insects, and never a thing to do except to bathe, feast, and be happy. No wonder his song was a prophecy of good cheer for the future, for happiness made up the whole of his past.

The Cardinal was only a yearling, yet his crest flared high, his beard was crisp and black, and he was a very prodigy in size and coloring. Fathers of his family that had accomplished many migrations appeared small beside him, and coats that had been shed season after season seemed dull compared with his. It was as if a pulsing heart of flame passed by when he came winging through the orchard.

Last season the Cardinal had pipped his shell, away to the north, in that paradise of the birds, the Limberlost. There thousands of acres of black marsh-muck stretch under summers' sun and winters' snows. There are darksome pools of murky water, bits of swale, and high morass. Giants of the forest reach skyward, or, coated with velvet slime, lie decaying in sun-flecked pools, while the underbrush is almost impenetrable.

The swamp resembles a big dining-table for the birds. Wild grape-vines clamber to the tops of the highest trees, spreading umbrella-wise over the branches, and their festooned floating trailers wave as silken fringe in the play of the wind. The birds loll in the shade, peel bark, gather dried curlers for nest material, and feast on the pungent fruit. They chatter in swarms over the wild-cherry trees, and overload their crops with red haws, wild plums, paw-

paws, blackberries, and mandrake. The alders around the edge draw flocks in search of berries, and the marsh grasses and weeds are weighed with seed hunters. The muck is alive with worms; and the whole swamp ablaze with flowers, whose colors and perfumes attract myriads of insects and butterflies.

. . . . . .

Flashing through the tree-tops of the Limberlost there are birds whose color is more brilliant than that of the gaudiest flower lifting its face to light and air. The lilies of the mire are not so white as the white herons that fish among them. The ripest spray of goldenrod is not so highly colored as the burnished gold on the breast of the oriole that rocks on it. The jays are bluer than the calamus bed they wrangle above with throaty chatter. The finches are a finer purple than the ironwort. For every clump of foxfire flaming in the Limberlost, there is a cardinal glowing redder on a bush above it. These may not be more numerous than other birds, but their brilliant coloring and the fearless disposition that keep them forever in evidence make them seem so.

The Cardinal was hatched in a thicket of sweetbrier and blackberry. His father was a tough old widower of many experiences and variable temper. He was the biggest, most aggressive redbird in the Limberlost, and easily reigned king of his kind. Catbirds, king-birds, and shrikes gave him a wide berth, and not even the ever-quarrelsome jays plucked up enough courage to antagonize him. A few days after his latest bereavement, he saw a fine, plump young female;

and she so filled his eye that he gave her no rest until she carried the first twig to the wild rose. She was very proud to mate with the king of the Limberlost; and if deep in her heart she felt transient fears of her lordly master, she gave no sign.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER: *The Song of the Cardinal.*

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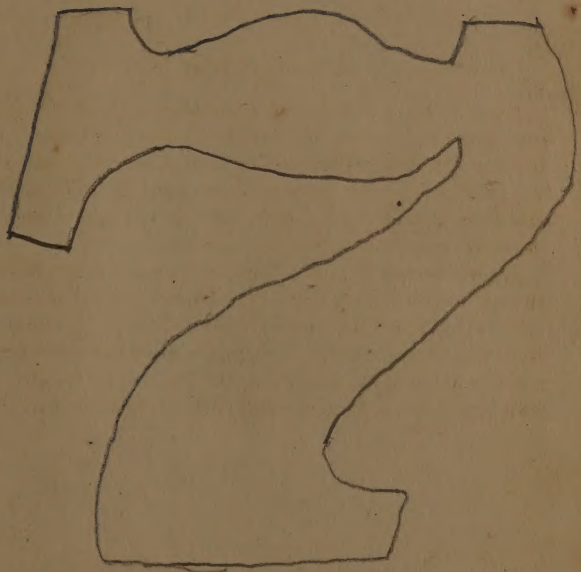
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Some of the most beautiful books about natural history which have ever been printed were made at the "Limberlost Cabin," near Geneva, Indiana. Here Mrs. Stratton-Porter lives and does most of her writing and illustrating. Her colored photographs of birds and flowers and moths are famous. Her favorite pastime is painting these objects and the vistas of the countryside, in water color.

She was born at Hopewell Farm, in Wabash County, Indiana, in 1868. Her interest has always been in the country and her work as a magazine editor has followed this interest. Her first book, *The Song of the Cardinal*, was printed in 1902. Perhaps the most famous of her late nature books is *Moths of the Limberlost*. Of her novels, *Freckles*, published in 1904, and *A Girl of the Limberlost*, 1907, are most popular.



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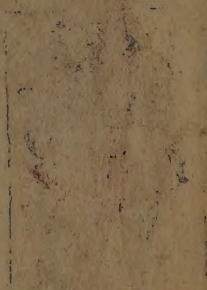

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